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ARTHUR F
FULLER



1914
NINTH EDITION

An Odd Soldiery

The Tale of a Sojourner

Being the Autobiography of

ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER

A Soldier of MIS-fortune and
Author of

Fifty Thousand Miles Back-Ridden
(His Experience in Different Cities)

An Odd Romance
(Love Stories from Life)

A Book of Poems
(Noble Sentiments in Dainty Garb)

The Golden Chalice and Other Poems
(Poems for the Warm-Hearted and Refined)

Seven Essays
(Pilate's Big Question—Mercy—Marriage and Divorce—
The Written Message—Gossip—Music—Friendship)

The Magnet
(A Monthly Pamphlet of Personal Experiences)

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ARTHUR F. FULLER

Author—Composer



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Denise. California

CHAPTER I.

Making A Start—The Pursuit of Happiness in Time of Peace.

EVERY mother thinks her new baby is a little the dearest, sweetest thing on earth, and I suppose my dear mother was no exception to the rule, when on a June morning a son was born to her. I have no doubt although it seems quite preposterous now, that I was gifted with the usual infantile charms and cuteness; but at any rate, like other infants it came to pass that I grew up.

Both my parents were possessed of a great love for music and a musical temperament generally; and both had sung more or less all their lives, so it was not surprising to find that I showed a talent for music.

When I was seven or eight years old, I was admitted into the junior choir of St. James Church, Chicago, where I served but a short time until I was promoted into the senior choir. Mr. William Smedley, beloved of all who have ever known him, was then the choirmaster.

The enviable position of Soprano Soloist was held by Claud Anderson, a boy possessed of a beautiful character as well as a beautiful voice. He was an orphan boy, and had been brought from England by Mr. Smedley.

People who are thoroughly posted on the history of the choirs of this country will vouch for the statement that the work of St. James choir has never been excelled, and possibly never equalled. In fact, the list of oratorios, sacred cantatas, anthems, etc., which it has rendered is equalled by few if any choirs or musical societies in the world. And without doubt William Smedley was one of the ablest, most successful and best known choirmasters or organizers of his time. So my experience at St. James Church was in every way a benefit and a joy which shall, no doubt, last through eternity. "A man who has no music in his soul is fit for treason's strategy and crime." And a man whose soul rings with the praise and adoration of the Deity incidental to a long association with, and by whole-hearted service in such work, cannot fail to be uplifted and comforted by it.

As a boy I had an unusual voice, which was described as being "of a mellow, flute-like quality," and yet with great power and sympathy. To the accompaniment of Professor P. C. Lutkin, who was then organist of St. James, I vocalized for Mr. Smedley and the choir room full of members, to an octave above high C; that is to say, the C above the second added line above the treble clef. Under Mr. Smedley's direction in oratorios rendered in the church service, I sang E above high C; I could also sing comfortably E below middle C; that is to say, below the third added line under the treble clef.

In course of time I came to be the soprano soloist of St. James Church, and was honored by such loving praise as that great soul, William Smedley, knew so well how to bestow.

I can reflect and feel a thrill of gladness that, in spite of my physical handicaps, I have at least been able to demonstrate that I was made of the right stuff and had the quality of faithfulness, as was evidenced by Mr. Smedley's calling me "Old Faithful," repeatedly. I won numerous prizes in the contests, some of the contestants have since risen to prominent musical positions, and I had such a reputation that it was said I could read music up-side-down just as well as any other way, and this was pretty nearly true.

St. James choir was annually favored with two weeks' "camping out." I think it was the first time it was my privilege to go along (having served the necessary year), that the choir camped at Lake Harbor, Mich. There was a short, but quite deep, swift-currented river connecting a small lake with Lake Michigan. A road ran alongside of the river and was protected against high water by a series of logs which were piled high, along the river bank. They were very slimy and overgrown with moss. There were trees on the far side of the road which offered shade and quiet, so that here was an ideal place to fish.

It happened that two young men, named Walter Putnam and George Ingalls, were fishing one beautiful summer day at this place. I was anxious to learn to fish, so with their consent I "tagged" them, and made my maiden effort as an angler. Due to my inexperience, the tide carried my baited hook against a snag, where the hook caught. In course of a few minutes a stiff



"THE LITTLE SINGER"

breeze sprung up and a strong gust lifted the waters into snappy wavelets. The snag jerked. I thought it was a big bass—but when I attempted to bring my catch into position for capture, I found the prize a little bigger than I could handle. Endeavoring to disengage the hook I stepped on the top-most log, and reached out as far as possible over the river. As mentioned above, the logs were slimy and covered with moss. So the first anyone knew, there was a splash—and a small boy was gurgling amidst the swirling waters where the river was about forty feet deep.

Walter Putnam was the nearest man but he was quite a way off. Climbing down the slippery logs was no easy task. Unfortunately he could not swim—but he had a strong arm and loyal heart, so made a heroic effort to rescue me. However I was on the third trip down when he secured a foot-hold near enough to reach me. There was a bend in the river at this point, and his calculations as to how far I would float down stream were, providentially, correct. Doubtless my head had risen for the last time and I was under water an arm's length when he grabbed desperately, finding a hold in my hair, which fortunately was at that time excessively long. He drew my head above water with his one hand while he clung to the logs with the other. George Ingalls had set up a shout when I first fell in, and now he and the rapidly arriving fellow-campers formed a human chain by elapsing hands, and George was reaching down to Walter and me. But Walter's hold was insecure and time after time either his hand or foot-hold failed. Finally he lost both holds almost entirely, but at the same moment George's extended hand came into reach. Putnam found grip again, steadied himself, and then passed me up to the anxious ones above, while the boats came into service from up-stream.

How in the world I still lived, having imbibed so much water, is a mystery to me. But in spite of the frequent belching up of water, I was able to stagger back to camp. I looked like the proverbial "drowned rat." Water dripped from me, fairly in bucketfuls. I was so weak and dizzy that my gait was as uncertain as that of a drunken man. Several times I nearly fell in again.

The news had preceeded us to camp, and the entire company was lined up to see the subject of the threatened disaster. Some were sympathetic, while others

teased. Men of family admonished that in future I be less venturesome. Boys who were my senior only a few years, at once developed such paternal interest in my safety that I was almost miserable for several days after this episode. But after a while it was forgotten and the time for returning to the city came all too soon.

On the return trip across Lake Michigan, we encountered quite a wind storm, which resulted in a rough sea. I will not claim that it was wholly Charity that caused me to think that the fishes needed what I had recently eaten more than I did. Perhaps it was not selfishness on their part which caused the search for more. I felt as if I had given up everything 'twixt mouth and toe nails. As I wandered around the boat in search of peace, I clambered out on the top most deck where there was no railing. I sat down suddenly on deck—not altogether from choice. I looked at the taunting waves, and groaned with the roll of the ship. After a time I decided to go below, but as I started, the ship careened more violently and got me started toward the edge of the deck until I could not stop. A young man, named Arthur Caldwell, was sitting near by. He leaped to his feet and grabbed me by the arm and swung me flat on my face, far back on the deck. I saw bright stars of hope—and I fancy there were few who were more glad than I to set foot on terra firma again.

At this time my parents lived at 643 Austin Avenue, Chicago. Not far from this place was a short street called Hart Street. On the corner was a grocery store kept by William Devitt. My three sisters and I often went down to a place opposite his store where some building was being done. The piles of lumber, brick and sand afforded great sport for small fry.

One day when we had played in the sand until we were tired, the girls joined some companions in the game of "jacks." I sat on the curbing patting a small dog which belonged to a playmate. Devitts had a large, fierce dog. It came over to get acquainted with the yellow specimen I was fondling. I could not believe that any creature toward which I felt so kindly, could possibly be so treacherous as to do me harm, so I petted him a little.

Perhaps the dog's dinner had not agreed with him, but at any rate he did not seem to appreciate my attentions. I was so confident of the gospel of love that I paid no heed to his warning growls. But suddenly he

jumped upon me savagely. The screams of the other children brought the workmen out of the building. However, before the rescuers had reached me and beaten the dog off, I had received such a "chawing" as would give me something to remember for years to come.

I was carried tenderly to the nearest drug store where the bites were duly cauterized. The whole neighborhood appeared to be much concerned lest I develop hydrophobia. The police were notified and after the young Davitt boy, who ran down back streets with the dog, had been chased an hour or two, they were caught and the dog shot. This was supposed to stop any tendency to hydrophobia.

The following spring I caught cold and was feeling so badly that I was permitted to stay out of school one day. After staying around the house all day, about three o'clock in the afternoon I asked permission to go down to the corner and watch a crew of men who were moving an enormous house down the middle of the street. The permission was granted, and I went down and was very interestedly watching the process of house moving, when something happened. I, however, did not know much about it, but woke up in a drug store with a doctor examining my anatomy and saying, "There are no bones broken and he will be all right. A little more water, nurse, and another cold cloth."

The following day as I lay on the bed in the front bedroom a big man came to the door and asked to see me and my folks. He explained that he and a heavy companion were out exercising a race horse which had just been shipped in from the country. They did not know about the house moving, and the horse was a little disturbed by the sight, and as he frisked a bit, one wheel of the light rig struck a large stone, and the thing was so top-heavy that both of them were thrown out. The horse, then thoroughly frightened, lit out. The house blocked the street, so the sidewalk was the only way the horse could go. There was a wooden fence some fifty feet long, and the gig caught in it and the horse pulled some thirty feet of it down. This fortunately, became detached before it reached me. It is not known what knocked me over, but it is known that that kind horse managed to step clear of my head, his shoe, however, grazing my skull.

CHAPTER II.

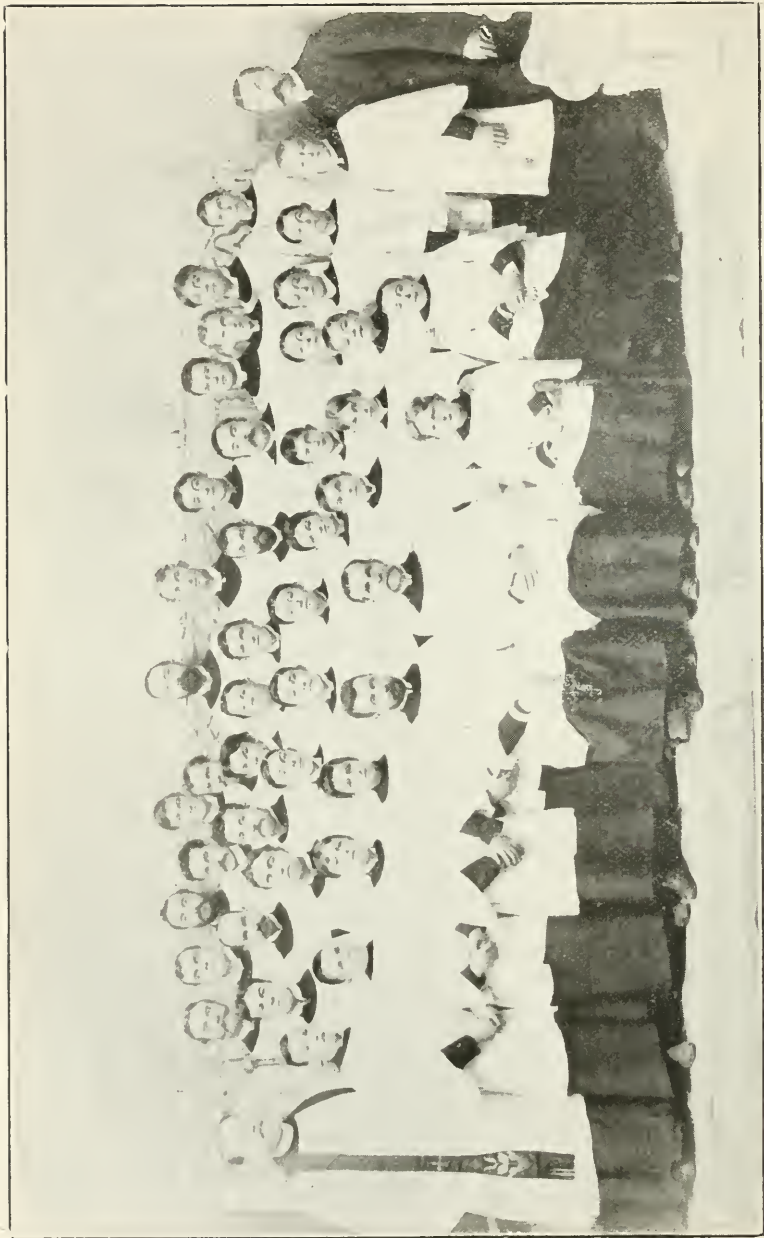
Mishaps

THE next year, I believe, St. James Choir encamped at Lake Beulah, Wisconsin. It is a beautiful lake, divided in two or more important parts, and running into quite a river, and like all other such lakes, there were many points of land that came out to such a distance as made swamps a natural consequence. Hunting pond lilies and turtle eggs, frogs and cat-tails, were quite fascinating pastimes. One day I took a boy smaller than myself in one of the flat bottomed boats provided for choir use, and we rowed into one of these swampy places.

A few nights hence the choir was to have its select and unique wigwam beach dance. Each of the ten tents had to furnish a bundle of cat-tails. Our excursion at this time was to procure a supply for our tent. These were soaked in kerosene oil and ignited at the proper time. A moonless night was chosen, great piles of drift wood accumulated and arranged on the beach, just out of reach of the water. The wood was made to form a wigwam. It was made to reach a height of twenty feet. The boys and young men, arrayed only in their bathing suits, formed in single file and paraded around on "all fours," like Indians who were about to fire a lodging.

The utmost silence was maintained until the leader started a series of rythmical grunts. All the "braves" imitated the doings of the "chief." After a series of manouvers on the beach, around the piers, and the street formed by the tents, clumps of phosphorescent wood were strewn around the wigwam. After some more funny business, the wigwam was fired and each "brave" lighted his torch, coming up in single file to the very place where the leader had lighted his. When the wigwam was well ablaze the beach dance broke all bounds, and the whoops and squeals that filled the air would have scared any well regulated tribe of savages into fits of terror.

So then, it was very important that we have large cat-tails. On the trip referred to we had had very fair success but I saw a cluster of unusual size that I wanted badly.



GROUP PICTURE OF ST. JAMES' CHOIR, CHICAGO

The camp boats were provided with sets of slats which prevented the wetting of the occupants' feet. By taking these slats out and throwing them on the reeds and thick sea-weeds, then stepping on them, I could reach cat-tails which could not be touched from the boat. In order to reach the largest cat-tails, I was compelled to put out both the front and rear sections of these slats. When the prizes were secured and thrown into the boat and I attempted to return something happened. Either the reeds gave way or the sea-weed began to turn over, the boat began to drift, the ends of the sections of slats which were resting on the boat began to push it away or perhaps a little of all these. But at any rate things began to sink, and I with them.

The water was so thick and the sea-weed and frog-muddle so abundant, that if ever a person's head got under, that would settle his ease. No power on earth could get him out alive. My left side was nearest the boat. I had an old knife in my hand with which I had been cutting the cat-tails. Its value was not more than two cents. I made a wild grab for the boat as I went down, and fortunately caught it with the middle and fore-finger of my left hand. The grip was not the most choice, but I hung on with desperation and thus kept my head from going under. The boy in the boat was too scared and too small to be of any service to me. When I could dig some of the "ooze" out of my eyes and get a decent breath, I found I had hung on to that old wreck of a knife. I had fallen in such a position as rendered motion impossible and could not even relieve my left arm by taking hold with the other hand. But fortunately some young men came rowing along at the critical moment and they lost no time in digging me out of the-sea-weed.

Another year at this same Lake Beulah I had a third experience with the water. St. James Church had under its wing a mission church called St. Johns, at 26 and 28 Clyborn Avenue. As a special treat and stimulus to interest, Dr. Stone, Rector, gave permission to the choir of that mission church to go camping with St. James. Rev. Irving Spencer was in charge of the mission and went along to keep the boys straight. He was an expert swimmer and taught many boys how to swim. He had so many demands upon him, however, that he was not able to give much time to any one boy.

After much verbal instruction by some of the older members of the choir and much practice by myself, I could take three strokes. It is only natural for a boy to enjoy admiration and praise, so it should not belittle me to admit that in great glee, I hastened to Rev. Spencer to "show off."

Just here I should mention that the beach at this point was very favorable and at low tide small boys could wade some seventy-five feet from the shore without going over their heads. Mr. Spencer was located about such a distance from the shore, and was a little more than waist deep in the water. To the right of this beach was a place where the slope to deep water was not nearly so gradual and he was just about at the extreme end of the shallow part.

When I got to him, I was so interested in watching him to see if he were watching me that I did not notice I was heading toward the deep water instead of the shore. I had started from a place where I could barely touch bottom, and had intended to swim into the shallow part. I swam my three strokes and a lot more, and he watched me and called after me, "Bully, Fuller, you are doing fine." When I was completely exhausted I attempted to settle down to rest, fancying the bottom would be just about under my knees, but when I let down, I kept on going. My feet got tangled in the sea-weed at the bottom, and I thought it was all off with me. Feebly but desperately I struggled to the surface and called for help.

A boy considerably taller than myself who could not swim, was wading not far from where I was, and we all knew where there was a sort of a shoal which led into the deep water. He had not far to go to get to where he could reach me. He stretched out as far as he dared and just the tips of our fingers touched. They were slippery with water, and I felt as though I had swallowed about half the lake before we got enough grip so that he could pull me in, but we got there just the same.

Some months after this incident, my folks moved to 207 North Oakley Avenue, which was about two blocks from the Oakley Avenue depot of the Northwestern Railroad. In those days horse cars were the only means of transit, except by steam cars, and by buying a twenty-ride ticket, the Northwestern Railroad would carry people from Oakley Avenue to Wells Street depot for five cents, so my father used the steam cars.

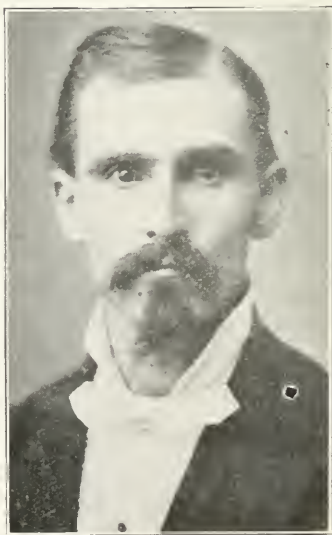
During the two years that he was tenor soloist at St. James he took me on the railroad, but after he accepted a better paying position at Elgin, Ill., I used to go alone. After a time he resigned his position at Elgin on account of his heart trouble, and my mother, being unwilling for him to be gone on such long trips, he accepted a position which caused him to cross the Western Avenue viaduct. Under this viaduct passed three railroads, each leading to an immense yard: The Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. There is always a din of puffing locomotives and the roar of wheels and the clang of bells there, even on Sunday mornings. There was a train which was due to pass this Western Avenue crossing where all trains had to stop, at 9:50 a. m., which just brought us into town in nice time to get to church.

One bright spring morning, I walked down the tracks to wait for a train. It was late, and I stepped on the track to look down to see if it were coming. I heard my father's voice behind me in a sharp "Arthur," and my father is the sort of a man that it does not take people very long, as a rule, to find out that what he says he means, and that it has "got to go." I had found out from past experiences that it was wise for me to look pretty lively when Daddy spoke to me in that way. So I looked around and, if you please, there was a locomotive coming at a good speed just behind me. I jumped aside. It was so close that the engine brushed my coat as I jumped. There had been so much roar and noise that I had not noticed the engine's approach. Father was crossing the viaduct on his way to church with mother and saw my danger. Father was not one of the kind that spare the rod, and I guess here is pretty nearly an instance where a child, who is ruled both by love and fear, can see the advantage of thorough discipline.



ELIZABETH ESTELLE LEAVITT-
FULLER

Soprano; Formerly of Boston, Mass.
(The Author's Mother)



J. FRANKLIN FULLER

Lyric Tenor and Musical Director
(The Author's Father)

CHAPTER III

Winning Credits—Assembling Accoutrements of War

THE world has little charity for one's failures. We the success of ourselves, a friend, or an acquaintance, are all glad, on the other hand, to tell and re-tell. Those who succeed are besieged by enthusiastic admirers while those who fail may eat out their very hearts with chagrin and regret, in utter loneliness. Honest endeavor is the admirable thing, however, and those who occupy the places of honor in the public eye would do well to remember that their very success is based upon gift from the Creator—the essential of health, of normal mentality, the capacity and opportunity to learn, the power to apply knowledge, material advantage, and favorable circumstances as well.

I trust, therefore, that no one will accuse me of desiring to appear greater than those lights in present and past times who have compelled the world to acknowledge their extraordinary achievements. I simply desire to have it known by my patrons as I journey on through life, that since early childhood I have had an honest and sincere desire to be a man in the noblest sense of the word, and do things the best it might lie in my power. The following are the simple facts:

Although of rather delicate health, I managed to keep in school throughout boyhood. For some years past I had taken music lessons, practicing after school hours. I enjoyed the instruction of a number of able teachers, as listed elsewhere. Under the careful training of Mr. William Smedley, Choirmaster of St. James Church, both in class and private instruction, my voice had developed wonderfully. At weddings, banquets, concerts and like programs, my name occupied important place. As "Star" I frequently figured in a number of concert companies, both in Chicago and in smaller cities within a radius of several hundred miles.

I was lean and overgrown, and being sedate, and my conversation so sensible, I was mistaken to be many years older than I really was. I entered many contests in singing, sight-reading, directorship, etc., and never had to

take other than first place. I became possessed of many prizes, including a gold medal for musical excellence, and was so successful that I was ruled out of contests.

The public school teacher often caught me composing hymn-tunes when I was supposed to be learning my Geography lesson. I was never vicious, but I was incorrigible.

There is a gift erroneously called "absolute pitch." By this term is meant an ability to name any given pitch, and state whether it is in International, Concert or Phil-Harmonic pitch. In reality the term means the ability to deliver each and every tone sounded, on exactly the number of vibrations required to give the pitch called for—precisely "true pitch," in other words. However, for convenience we will indulge the erroneous conception of the meaning, and state that M. Charles Gounod, and many other great musicians had this ability. A person thus gifted hears "pitch" in everything—even the bark of a dog, the rumble of a heavy wagon, and many other apparently unmusical noises, and can state where the tone is on the piano key-board and in what pitch the piano is tuned.

I am very careful not to make statements even in ordinary conversation, which I cannot prove. Therefore, it seems almost unwise to say that I formerly possessed this ability, for I cannot prove it, by illustrating by examples now. However, if M. Gounod had never heard pitch and had never been told—"this is middle C, concert pitch," until he knew it independently and by the action of his own mind and sense, he would never have been able to illustrate, either. And after he had the ability, "which was largely a matter of education," had he been isolated for five years from all definite pitches, as I have been, and then brought to hear relative musical sounds by instruments so out of pitch that when you struck middle C, you were, in reality, sounding B-flat, I know that he would be no more accurate than I would now be. But at that time I had the ability to give any pitch called for, without pitch-pipe or instrument. So when there was a funeral or when the choir went serenading, or on a Christmas Carol round, Fuller was usually trusted with sounding the pitch.

One Sunday in the midst of service the organ bellows gave out. This was not discovered until the Rector, Dr. Stone, had announced the Hymn and read a few



A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE DISASTROUS FALL

Our the joy of present health and success, coupled with promises
of a brilliant future.

stanzas. I waited a moment to see if the bellows could be resuscitated, or if some of the men would take the initiative, but no one dared, and the organ remained dead. I started the tune and the rest of the choir took it up and we rendered the entire hymn without accompaniment. The congregation thought it was intentional, and said such rendition should be made more frequently. There was great ado in the choir room after that service. Mr. Smedley and Dr. Stone both made quite a speech concerning it, and I was patted on the back until I felt I would be black and blue. I was at once made "Leader," which position I had virtually possessed for some time past. This actually meant that I was made assistant Choirmaster. In large Episcopal Churches there are two separate choirs—Cantoris and Decani. The Cantoris is usually the secondary choir, and gets its name from the fact that the "cantor"—the man who opens the choral numbers, and begins the Chants and certain anthems, usually sits on that side. The principal soloists usually have place on the Decani side, although each choir has its several soloists for each voice part—Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass. On account of the position of the organ and other local peculiarities, this rule was reversed at St. James. However, on both sides, each principal soloist was virtually a sub-choirmaster, controlling those on his side who sang the same part as himself. I was honored, however, more than by such appointment, for I kept the attendance book and attended to the pay-envelopes for the entire choir. Furthermore, I not only behaved myself in a seemly manner, but exercised extraordinary discipline over the other boys.

Bear in mind that I was only fifteen years old at this time. My voice had begun to "break" or change so that I was not longer able to do the most excellent grade of solo work that I had done formerly. But it was at this time that Mr. Smedley decided to resign at St. James, where he had been Choirmaster for fourteen years, and go to New York so as to be with his children in his latter days. The entire parish mourned his departure, and Mr. Fletcher Hulet Wheeler, the man from St. Paul, Minn., who was to succeed Mr. Smedley, had a hard time to keep the choir from disbanding. Mr. Smedley and many others entreated me to stay and so set an example for the rest of the choir. My duties and salary were increased, and I

was given charge of the Junior or Preparatory Choir, which consisted of about twenty boys.

Just a short time before Mr. Smedley left I again received public commendation. As I was leader my seat was nearest the congregation. One first Sunday in the month during Communion Service, a poor, withered, decrepit, little old woman approached the steps leading to the chancel. She must have been at least ninety years old, and tottered pitifully.

Many of the congregation had already received but as St. James is the largest Church in Chicago (Episcopal), there were many yet to come. Every person was busy with his own thoughts and prayers, approaching the Altar rail as was fit, with bowed head. So it was not surprising that no one noticed the unsuccessful efforts of the poor old lady to mount the chancel steps.

I was always a timid, bashful sort of fellow, lacking greatly in physical courage. But then, as now, I earnestly hope and pray for courage and grace to do whatsoever I conceive to be my duty. I will never forget the sweet sense of youth and strength that flooded my whole being at that moment. I rose and straightened myself thankfully to my full height and went to the old lady's assistance. I fairly carried her up the steps and assisted her to the Altar rail, and after gently handing her to a place, knelt reverently until she had received. There were tears in many eyes, and as I assisted her back to her seat, many handkerchiefs came into prominent use.

All of this time I had been attending public school, getting up my school work somehow, practicing piano some hours every day, participating in concerts in one capacity or another, as well as keeping up attendance at the regular three rehearsals per week held at St. James. It will therefore be plain that I had little time for play. I was such an over-grown somebody, and was so infatuated with being dignified, that it was a difficult matter to let down to being just a noisy boy, even when I did have a little leisure. However, there were some exceptional times. One of these I had great reason to regret. I used to play with some boys a little larger than myself. We often played "tag," and "follow-my-leader." It was not uncommon for the most reckless boy, who usually took the lead, to climb telegraph poles, up fire escapes, and outside porches to the roofs of two and three-story buildings. Also jump from the top of one building to

the next. He usually began at low wood-sheds, and gradually took more daring stunts. Any boy who failed to take the pace was in utter disgrace, and was hooted at as a coward and fairly ostracized.

I was never very much enraptured when they talked of starting that kind of play, and tried to find some excuse to go home. But one day I was cornered, and had to fall into line. The leader, Fred Doobridge, jumped from the top of one shed to the next. He was more robust than I and became more and more reckless. There was one place where I was quite afraid to follow. He guyed me, and I protested that he was larger, but he said I was afraid to try that little stunt, and was spoiling the game. He noticed a plank at the rear edge of the sloping roof, which was about two inches thick and the length of the shed, and was about twelve inches wide.

"Here, Spindle Legs," he said. "I will stand on this end of the plank and let it stick over toward that shed you are now on, and you can land on it. That's if you ain't too big a baby to try even that."

"All right," I replied, "I won't be afraid to try that."

So after he had arranged the plank, I drew back to the far end of the shed to get a good start. When I had gotten too far toward the edge to be able to stop, he quickly stepped off the plank and pushed it aside. As I left the shed I was on, I tried to get force enough into the last step to carry me upon the other roof as he expected I would; but my foot only landed where the plank slanted away from the roof, and the rotten shingles gave way to my weight, and my jump being short anyway, I fell to the ground, backward, landing across a broken-down garbage box. I did not know a thing for some minutes. The boys were scared and got down to the ground slowly, fearing I was dead. The first I knew was an awful pain along my spine. I could not get my breath. I became nearly black in the face. It was only twenty or thirty feet to my father's door. When I got breath and power to move I staggered and crawled home. My folks lived upstairs, and I guess I must have been twenty minutes getting up. There was no one at home, and so I crawled to my little room. It was several weeks before I could go out again. My back pained so I could get around only with difficulty.

On another occasion I was assisting my brother-in-law to re-shingle the barn and had a similar experience.

Perhaps it will be best to leave much of the details of the development of my affliction to another chapter. Returning, then, to the subject of my unfoldment, I will continue by commenting that I had a beautiful dog which had been given me when I was about eight years old. We called her "Beauty." She had an unusual degree of intelligence, and was beloved of the entire family. There were many tough boys in that neighborhood, and rather than play with them, I preferred the company of the dog. Accordingly I built wagons, sleds and such outfits in which she figured, sometimes as horse, and other times as passenger. She was my watchful defender as well as my playmate. The tough boys heartily despised me, ridiculing me outrageously as being a "church member," "Sunday School boy," "sissy," "noisy-screecher," and so forth. They used often to stone me, judging me too stuck-up to play with them. Every time they saw me they would bawl out "pet dog," or some other sally of foolish tantalization. But it was not safe for any of them to strike at me when "Beauty" was near by. For although she would run from them when there was a crowd, she was not afraid to show what her teeth were for, in my parents' yard.

Some of these boys obtained some poisoned meat and put it where the dog would eat it. During the hours she was suffering, and after all the saving methods had been employed apparently with no success, I felt so badly that I composed a piece for piano solo which was intended to express my regret at losing my old-time playmate. However, she recovered, and lived until I had been down several years.

About six months after Mr. Smedley left St. James, and a few months after my dog's distressing experience, I resigned at St. James and took charge of the Choir at Holy Nativity Mission Church in West Grand Avenue. We had a choir of about sixteen voices, and I was proud to have my first opportunity to use the knowledge acquired from the instructions of Prof. P. C. Lutkin, with a pipe organ. I retained this position about a year when I resigned to take a larger choir and organ at Onward Presbyterian Church. I retained this position eighteen months, resigning to take a better paying position at St. John's Mission Church, on Clybourn Avenue, Chicago.

For the same reason I also resigned there and went to St. John's Reformed Episcopal Church on Langley Avenue, where there was a first-class new organ and a quartette of able musicians, among whom was Cyril Bruce Smith from the American Conservatory of Music, a marvelous baritone who would undoubtedly have been one of the most famous singers in this country, but for his deficiency in courage, patience and staying power.

The last few years I had of course been out of school and worked for the Cross Press and Sign Co., 206 to 210 Illinois Street. I continued my studies on piano and pipe organ nights after work, and holding position as organist at some church as detailed above.

While with the sign company I had to obtain bills of lading for shipments made over the various railroads. Often the clerks were very busy and I had to wait anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour. I always carried a little music composition book in my pocket and at such times I would compose. Sometimes I would catch a musical thought while on my way to some place a mile or so from the office, and I would stop on a curbing and write it down and then hurry on so as not to be too long out on the errand as to earn a reprimand. Some of my best songs were composed in this way, and as they are published are substantially the same as I originally wrote them. I will not say that I have not revised them at all, but there have been no material changes.

CHAPTER IV.

A Narrow Escape—A Change of Scene.

THE experiences and achievements cited in the foregoing came about before I was seventeen years old. I was now to have a change which was to affect my life for years to come. My "curbstone compositions" embraced several instrumental pieces, including "Forget-Me-Not," "Reverie," "Twilight," and "Etude in D Minor." The melody for a number of songs was thus noted and worked out some years later. Among these are "Cherished," ("The Parting Kiss"), "Guess the Name," and "I'll Find You Out." The fore part of my setting of the old hymn, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," was a production of those days, likewise "As Pants the Wearied Hart," "The Steers-



AFTER A YEAR'S STRUGGLE TO OVERCOME
THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE FALL

man," was also written in those days and the first part of "An Evening Prayer."

About February, 1897, a Dr. Alfred Bierly, music publisher and friend of my father's, came to see us and talk business. He asked what salary I was getting and where I was employed, and made a better proposition. His place of business was in the far section of the fifth floor of the Ayer Building, which ran from 215 to 221 Wabash Avenue; in the other section was the Chicago Depository of the Methodist Book Concern, which had an enormous stock.

The main floor of the building was occupied by the Conover Piano Company, and by the Emerson Piano Company; the second floor by the Chicago Cottage Organ Company; the third, by Alfred Peats Wall Paper Company; the fourth floor by the National Music Company; the fifth floor by the Methodist Book Concern and A. Bierly; the sixth floor by W. A. Olmstead & Company, photographic supplies, and the seventh floor by another firm in the same business, and by storage for the piano companies.

The book concern's stock was protected from the art of sneak thieves by wire caging which compelled people coming in on the elevator to pass through a long wire passage to the office before they could get to the books. The stairway was just alongside the elevator, but curved in such a way that the shadows from the surrounding objects rendered it hardly noticeable. There was of course a door through the caging to this stairway and to use the stairs one must pass through the door just opposite the office of the book concern, and some thirty feet from both stairway and elevator exits. As the elevator was always running when I came and went, I had never had occasion to use the stairway and would not have known where it was had it not been that Mr. John S. Fearis, Dr. Bierly's right hand man, and I had stayed late one night to finish up some work.

The building was so long that it would have been very dark had it not been for an immense skylight near the middle. One March morning we were all startled by a loud crackling noise followed by a tremendous crash, and an awful roar. In the rear of the Book Concern's quarters was a small parlor where committees often met. I understood there was a little gas, oil or gasoline stove back there where the ladies sometimes made

a cup of tea. At the first sound and cry of fire my impression was that some little accident had happened to the tea party, as a number of ladies had met there that morning. We all started back. The idea in my mind was to assist in extinguishing the flames, but Dr. Bierly, who was in advance of us, turned back, white as a sheet, crying, "Fire! Fire! Run for your lives—hurry, if you hope to escape!" The flames were pouring up through the skylight, and had already spread the entire width of the building.

At first I could not believe that there was really much danger, and thought we would surely have enough time, so returned to my desk to gather up my glasses, my knife and some money I had left in the drawer. By this time all had rushed from the Book Concern, except one man, who yelled vehemently, "Don't stop for a thing or you will never get out."

I had piled my left arm full of the entire contents of the clothes rack including winter outer garments, a fat music roll and a lunch box. I started down the elevator passage as usual, but the same man who had urged haste before called again, "This way—elevator is not running." We were grateful for this warning because the air began to be hot and the thunderous reports of chemical explosions and of heavy timbers falling, together with the shrieks of the fear-crazed people who were fighting to get out, were appalling. The swift traveling flames further proved that we had not a second to lose. To have gone to the elevator door would possibly have been to make escape impossible.

The stairway was so full of a madly striving mass of humanity that there was no such thing as hurrying: every person had to take his turn. Some from behind tried to leap over the crowd and so jumped on top of the heads of the others, the majority of whom were girls. Many fell, and I do not know whether they ever got up again. When we passed the third floor the heat was so intense and the smoke so dense that it seemed impossible to breathe. As before stated, I did not know the way, but fortunately I had grasped with my right hand the bannister, which I followed down through the blackness amid the shrieks and moans of that battling crowd. I stumbled repeatedly, but the bannister enabled me to keep my feet. I remember how well I realized my exhaustion as we reached the third floor, and I remember

how my knees almost gave way under me; my heart refused to beat and I could not breathe. I was dizzy and fainting, and I remember that the thought came to me, "Arthur boy, you can only make about three more steps, one—two—and if you don't get breath by the third it's all off." But, thanks be to God, that third step took me around a bend, and a mighty draught of cold, fresh air from the street swept up as through a flue. It revived me, and I pressed on. There were only two people who got out alive after I did.

At the threshold of the door lay a man's body in a pool of blood, the head strained back, mouth open, glassy eyes staring, and the face smoke-smutted. Even the hair was singed. I had to step over this gruesome object to get away from the building. I afterwards learned that he was the cashier on the floor just above where I worked, and had stopped just long enough to shut the safe door.

It seemed that at the third floor the flames broke through into the stairway immediately after we passed. The heat of the air burned my nose, face and ears slightly, and I spit black stuff from my lungs for several days afterwards.

The young lady who was Dr. Bierly's secretary, had stopped to get some money which she had left in her desk in an inner office. Although I called to her to hurry, I did not see her until I turned around upon reaching the street. She was only a few seconds behind, but was quite badly burned from the heat of the air. A man came shortly behind her from the seventh floor, and when he reached the third floor the stairway was a mass of flames. He was running, however, and decided to chance reaching or lighting on something solid down below, so he jumped through a solid mass of flame, and barring being singed, escaped unhurt. He had not been ten feet ahead of the poor cashier whose body lay on the sidewalk in front of the exit. But the cashier seemed to think that his companion had jumped into the midst of a furnace, and had turned back, retracing his steps to the office he had just left. He stayed at the window as long as there was any hope of rescue and then jumped to his death.

If I could say just how few minutes from the time the first little puff of smoke was seen on the third floor until the building was a mass of ruins, it would not be believed.

The fire department was at a great disadvantage owing to elevated structures and telephone wires.

Just a few seconds after I got out, I turned and looked up. All along the windows I could see the frightened faces of human beings who had been cut off from the stairway. They were prevented from getting out because the elevator ropes were too hot for the men to be able to use them. The flames had consumed the stairway. The look on the faces of the doomed people, I can never forget. It seemed as though the front of the building was fairly alive with men dangling from the window sills or from the signs which hung under them. I saw many people jump—jump to broken legs on the hard street below, and some to death. I saw one man hang at a window sill waiting, hoping that a ladder would be gotten to him, but none came. I saw the flames lick his hands until they were burned away. He dropped to his death. I saw another man who started at the far side of the building, climb out upon the window sill. The flames pursued him. He crawled to the next and rested there, as he was exhausted from the flight through the burning building. The flames presently came to him there, so he moved to the next window, and so on. At the very last he hit upon a novel means of escape. On the next building there was a sign about on a level with the one on which he had been crawling. He let himself down once more, hanging from the sign. The two buildings touched so that it was not hard to reach over to the sign on the next building. He then started swinging to and fro as he had done at the other windows, until he could swing his body over the sign, finally pulling himself upon the window sill, kicking in the glass, made his way to the stairway and to safety.

The countless explosions were awful to hear. Their booms had begun while I was still in the building. They were partly caused by the explosion of photographic chemicals on the sixth and seventh floors, and partly by the falling of seven stories of fine, expensive pianos.

Buildings were blistered and set on fire for a great distance around. Window glass was cracked or melted. The awfulness of this sight baffles description. Suffice it then to say that there were eighteen people burned or killed in the fire.

Talk about shock to the nervous system! A man really ought to go through with such an experience if he

fancies he is so sturdy, brave or well poised as not to mind it. For months afterward I would waken in the night experiencing again the awful struggle through the smoke-choked stairway, hearing the roar of that terrible fire-demon, hearing the crash of falling walls, the screams of the dying, the shouts of the would-be rescuers. It seems to me that it was said only seven minutes elapsed from the first cry of fire until the walls caved in.

Times were hard. There were a hundred men for every position. I had been keeping up my night study on piano and pipe organ, and it had taken every cent I earned at my day work to meet unavoidable expenses. I dare not be idle. I tried hard for a position, but I had had little experience and was sorely handicapped by poor health and poorer eyes.

After a few weeks I secured a position with Sears, Roebuck & Co., at a disgracefully low salary. My physical condition was such that I was hardly fit for any sort of employment, so that I had to ask for some concessions—of using the elevator instead of the stairs, for instance.

When far up in buildings, away from places affording easy exit, I would nearly faint when I heard any unusual noise, for it all seemed painfully like that which had been the knell of many a soul, and so nearly mine.

Through some of my instructors, I learned of a vacancy at St. Paul's Cathedral and the Cathedral Choir School, Fond du Lac, Wis. I applied for the position and was accepted. The position was a peculiarly difficult one, owing to the fact that the Bishop desired that all the clergy have equal authority, and work along as a happy family.

All men cannot have the same tastes, nor exactly the same ideas as to propriety where there is so much occasion for opinion. But it was said I did a work which no other man who had ever held that position had ever succeeded in doing. There was little friction, practically no irritation, and everything went on smoothly and creditably. The boys loved me, the congregation respected and admired me, and the clergy rejoiced in having a man fit for the work in every sense.

The Cathedral would accommodate 1,500 or perhaps 2,000 persons. On festival occasions I had a choir of about one hundred voices, an orchestra of sixteen pieces, played the pipe organ and directed both choir and or-



ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER
Choirmaster and Organist at St. Paul's Cathedral
Fond du Lac, Wis.
1898-99

chestra. We rendered music by the best authors, including masses and anthems by Gounod, Mozart, Tours, Stainer, Eyre, Gaul, etc.

However, the work I did there was really too much for one man to do. They never had a man to do it before me, nor have they had one since.

About the middle of the year the classical master, John Richard Ambrose, was taken with appendicitis, which caused a few weeks' illness and presently his death. This was in turn followed by the warden in charge, Rev. James Martin Raker, becoming afflicted with the same difficulty. These things threw considerable extra work upon me, and after the advent of a new master, there were still many extra duties for me to attend to until he got fairly into the harness.

I was also dormitory master; that is to say, had charge of the boys through the night, and people who know what a homesick boy is, will know that I had some problems to solve along the comforting line.

At the end of the year I was in a deplorable state of health. I resigned. I had decided to take a position open to me at Kingston, N. Y. I trusted that the change would benefit me, and the work there promised to be much lighter.

On my way to Kingston, which, by the way, is on a plateau in the Catskill mountains, I stopped to visit my parents in Chicago. While there I made it a point to call on my old friend and medical adviser, Dr. Auld. This good man said: "I am sorry to see you take a new position. I am sorry you are not situated so that you could get out in the country and rest and build up for a few years. I apprehend that you will look back to this day and hour and see that my words are not idle. I fear for you. But take the best care of yourself you can, and perhaps you will come out all right."

I believed in my youth and even had I had opportunity to go into the country and get away from nervous work as he said, I should perhaps have hesitated to take advantage of it, looking upon it as a waste of time. However, I had no such opportunity. I had to work, and that position in Kingston seemed unlikely to tax me very much.

It appears that the Choirmasters they had previous to my arrival at St. John's, Kingston, were men who knew little of boys' voices or boy nature. Under my

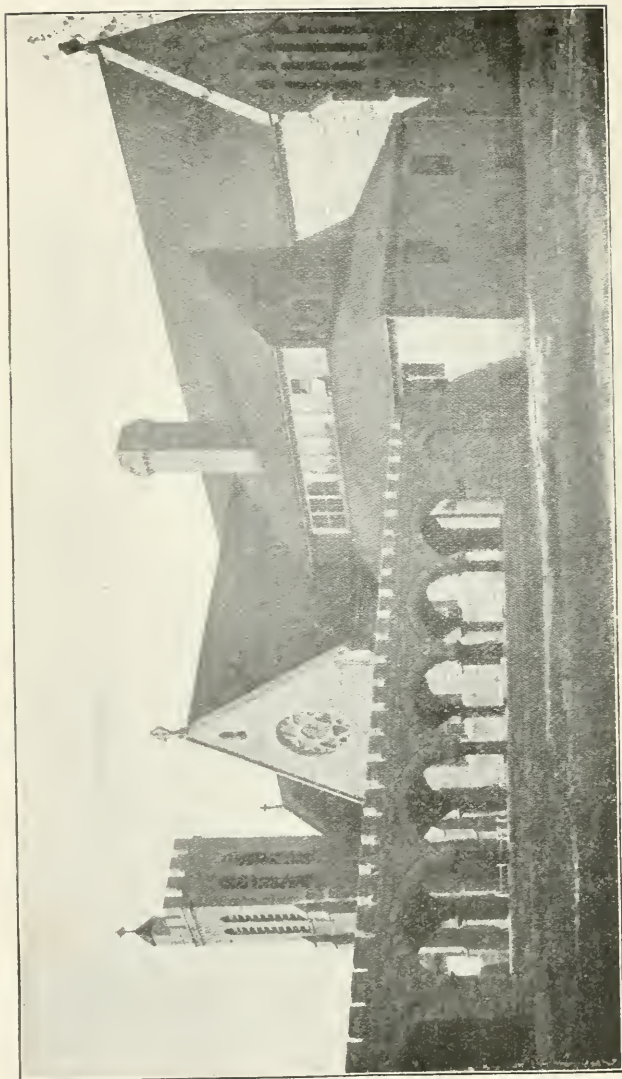
care there was such a change for the better shortly after I took hold, that the Rector of Holy Cross Church came to see me to try to induce me to take charge of his choir. After much persuasion I consented, and soon I was "going it" as hard as before.

At St. John's the evening service was not well attended, so the Rector (Rev. O. Applegate, Jr.), asked me to give organ recitals every Sunday evening to draw the people to service. In consequence I soon began a series of recitals. I gave from five to eight different numbers each Sunday. For this use I composed a number of organ solos which I presume will never be published unless I get well and get able to return to my former profession.

Only a few years previous, my people had said when I **improvised**: "For goodness sake, either play something, or get away from the piano." It was sweet then to me to have such compliments lavished upon me as I received by the best musicians in the city of Kingston. Miss MacCauley, a maiden lady of sixty-five, had been organist of St. John's for twenty-five years, ten years before I took the bench. She had drawn the specification for the very organ I played there. She listened with evident delight to my work and said she had but to close her eyes and then it sounded to her as if she were listening to a great orchestra instead of a pipe organ. A Miss Ruliffson, whose father had been a court musician to the Kaiser and who attended the great concerts held every season in New York City, said she had not heard organ work to equal mine in this country, and that the listening took her back to the former years when the Musical Festivals were in progress, under the patronage of the wealthiest people of a great musical country.

While at the Cathedral I had composed many preludes and postludes, a number of Kyries, and a few trios for female voices. I wrote no songs that year, nor while at Kingston, largely on account of my poor eyes.

On New Year's night I gave an especially heavy program, and the last number took every atom of strength I had. At its conclusion I found myself unable to leave the organ loft.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CLOISTER—FOND DU LAC

CHAPTER V.

War Declared.

AFTER the congregation had left the Church the Sexton came up to the organ loft, suspecting that something was wrong. I explained the predicament I was in, and he and a comrade helped me to my room. The pains around my heart were intense. I was so weak and out of breath it was very difficult to speak. I did not sleep at all that night. In the morning a pain developed just above the umbilicus. It seemed to go straight through to the spine. It increased in severity every hour. I sent for a doctor. He seemed to think it merely a case of acute indigestion and otherwise showed that he was in the dark as to the case. By that time my heart was more steady, but was getting faster hourly.

The next day my heart was still faster, and the fever went higher. My head ached dreadfully and I felt as one feels when in the grasp of a strong attack of la grippe. I sent for another doctor. He asked some questions and said I had malaria and nervous prostration. At first he came several times each day, but as time went on, the frequency of his visits lessened. I answered his questions briefly. After a time I learned to anticipate his questions and told the tale at once.

It was with the utmost difficulty that I managed to effect anything like convalescence. There is an old-time expression which about sums up the situation: "My sore thumb doesn't hurt you at all." There are many sorts of nervous and mental diseases. A man who has never had experience **in his own flesh** cannot realize what the other fellow's state is. Too often we allow the other fellow to do our thinking for us. I used to. It really took a very long time for me to comprehend that it is best to know something for one's self, and compel the other fellow to respect your knowledge and judgment as he would have you bow to his. The best policy is to bestow only as much consideration as you receive.

By the time two or three months had rolled by, I was able to walk three or four blocks per day and could sit up four or five hours. I could not understand why I did not gain strength. In full appreciation of what

health and vigor meant with regard to my present usefulness and future success, I asked the doctor why. His answers were elusive, disgustingly unsatisfactory. His inability to control flagging functions, brought me a distressing impression of the limitations of medical science. The word "tooth-ache" does not mean very much when happened onto in the spelling book or in a stranger's experience, but when that "tooth-ache" is in one's own mouth, it is right comprehensible then. There is a term "nervous dyspepsia." It probably does not mean much to one whose digestion is good. But a little experience will prove to any fair minded individual that it is serious enough, distressing enough.

The doctor advised careful mastication. Accordingly I spent much time attending to insalivation of food. Even liquids received careful attention. Often I spent as long as two hours and forty-five minutes ingesting a meal that an ordinarily busy man would consume in ten minutes. Notwithstanding I had sour, acid stomach, acrid eructations, re-gurgitation of food, burning sensation in stomach and intestines and great flatulence. For years I had been troubled more or less with insomnia, but in the days referred to, even when I might have slept so far as my nervous state was concerned, the pressure of gas around my heart was so great that I had to remain awake to belch it off, or I would perhaps have crossed the river.

I resumed work as soon as I was able to walk from my room to St. John's Church twice a week—once for rehearsal and again on Sunday for services. Everything else was dropped—the Choirmaster at Holy Cross and the few pupils that had succeeded in persuading me to give them time.

In dealing with physicians, when I saw that one was not helping me, if I learned of another that I might hope would be better able to handle my case, meet my needs, I simply quit the former adviser and took up with the one I selected to be his successor.

It seems to me cruel to say to a man, "Your work has been extremely unsatisfactory. You have failed utterly to do that which I fully expected of you." I never had "sand" enough to do it. If a man's work was unsatisfactory, I found a nice, gentle way of letting him out, so that we parted the best of friends and with no irritation or bad feelings.

One of my pupils was a beautiful girl named Hor-
tence Sahler. Her uncle was the founder and head pro-
fessor at the C. O. Sahler Sanitarium for Nervous and
Mental Diseases. She told me that he had patients from
all parts of the United States and described many ap-
parently wonderful cures. Accordingly when I became
dissatisfied with Dr. Loughran, I went to Sahler's place.
It developed that he had a sanitarium where he admin-
istered much Suggestive Therapeutics and a little medi-
cine when it was needed. He gave me both very strong.
He might as well have suggested to a telegraph pole as
to my nerve centers or subconscious mind, for all the
benefit the performance was to my functional processes.

In about six weeks or less this good man's treat-
ments had succeeded (?) to such an extent that I was
down in bed again.

There was a "High-potency" Homeopath just across
the street from where I was rooming at that time. Now
I did not have any more idea what a "High-potency
Homeopath" was, any more than a snail would have
about making doughnuts. But it sounded good. I
fumbled it over in my mind. "High-potency." Must
mean "much power." Anyway, I called the good Dr.
Harry C. Connelly. Undoubtedly he was good at his
business. He told me a lot of funny stories, and inci-
dentally explained what "high-potency" was. I was
quite young then. All I could answer was an awe-filled
"Oh!" At any rate this good man failed to get me on
my feet, so I went to Chicago.

It may be interesting to some of my readers to know,
that Homeopathy was introduced by Dr. Hahniman,
early in the nineteenth century. It was built upon the
theory that "like cures like." Men called "Provers"
took a certain drug, such as Belladonna, strychnine, etc.,
in minute doses for a long time—as long as they could
endure to do so. Many a man gave his life to such ex-
periments. Prisoners condemned to death sometimes con-
sented to take a drug for the benefit of science.

Only men were used who were in perfect physical
condition. They reported daily, the symptoms and sen-
sations they experienced from the taking of the drug.
These were recorded and after a time it was definitely
proven what were the symptoms common to each drug.
Therefore when a patient complains of certain symptoms,
the Homeopath gives him the drug which produces such

symptoms. The dose is minute. Only one remedy is given at a time as a rule. Sometimes several are given, but never with the extravagance practiced by the Allopaths. Homeopaths refer to the ways of the Allopath as "shot-gun methods."

The Homeopath also argues that a better medicinal action is obtained from the minute dose, oft repeated, cumulative action establishing a new diathesis. The high-potency Homeopath also reasons, that since a minute portion of pure drug gives benefit, its dilution or attenuation must increase its efficacy.

For instance, one part of a drug is taken and mixed with nine parts of sugar of milk or alcohol, depending of course upon whether solution or tablet is desired. In the latter case, these are ground in triturating machinery made especially for the purpose, for several hours. When finished, this preparation is called the first trituration. One part of this mixture is then taken and ground with nine more parts of the sugar of milk for the required time. This is called the second trituration, and so on as high as the doctor deems necessary to meet his requirements.

A grain of salt which can scarcely be tasted contains millions upon millions of atoms which the human eye cannot discern. Any object to be perceptible to our dull senses must be of such bulk that it contains trillions of atoms. An adult eats a pound of food to gain a few grains of proteid. It would seem then, that it is not the size of the dose, the quantity of the medicine taken, that benefits, but the use nature may be able to make of it.

My people were apparently very glad to see me. The long ride (I could not afford a sleeper) had taken what little strength I had, and for some weeks I was not even able to sit up as I had been doing. Why not? Continued weakness, heart condition, indigestion, malnutrition, pain in the spine, etc. But let us press on. More of these things later.

My Uncle George was in the grocery business in a little town of 5,000—Savanna, Ill. It was more quiet there, so on his urgent invitation, I decided to visit him a while. I went to see Dr. Auld again and was taking medicines prescribed by him—a pancreatinized emulsion of nut oils and an additional prescription for my intestinal difficulties, also static electricity. His treatment was good, but nature had been too profoundly exhausted

to readily respond to any treatment. But again I anticipate.

I went to my good Uncle's at Savanna. I consented to be examined by the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Head Surgeon, who lived at that place—Dr. Johnson. His prescriptions were, "Sunshine, electricity from **mother earth**, little strolls barefooted, in the early morning dew, freedom from work and worry, and an anti-acid for the digestive trouble—but no tonic or stimulant medicines."

I followed his advices to the letter, but after several months I could report only slight improvement. I could only walk about two blocks per day and sit up about ten hours. Dr. Johnson heard my report with disappointment and chagrin. "Why cannot you walk more than two blocks each day?" he asked. I replied, "Because to do so increases heart pains, brings heart storms, makes me out of breath, prostrates me." But this he heard without comprehension. "I advise you to take one of these strychnine tablets as often as necessary to keep your heart going and behaving as it should. I advise you to take a longer walk every few days and your strength will increase."

Dr. Johnson was sincere in his opinion. I tried his plan. He was mistaken. The results were pretty serious. Who had to bear it? The doctor? No. The poor fool that had not yet had it pounded into him that he must do his own thinking, have his own judgment, trust himself.

Presently old conditions began to develop again. The doctor said "Malaria." Accordingly I saw that the little city on the river had its faults also, and decided to return to Chicago. I had now spent all I had out of my savings previous to my first long period of inability to retain a wage-earning position. My father's health was so poor it seemed a shame indeed that I should burden him in his weakness. And yet in my desperation I knew there was nothing else I could do.

I took quinine and strychnine and hoped to improve. But I became continually worse. My digestion became so bad I could eat only baby foods. My good sister Blanche insisted upon calling Dr. Sharp. After a few months' treatment, without benefit, Dr. Graves was called in for consultation. He suggested that if I were sure I had not forgotten how to walk that I should try. I said I had no doubts on the subject. The doctor said, "Show

me." I did so. The result was the development of an organic lesion and a peculiar roll to the heart's action. I had only taken three steps from my bed. If I had taken a few more there would undoubtedly have been a funeral—and the doctor would not have been chief mourner. Fortunately this valvular lesion spontaneously subsided in a few days. But it was presently not hard to see that the damage was more than temporary, and I had experiences which were not as pleasant as were those of the Doctor in accepting the fee for his fool advice.

It had been years since I had been able to use my eyes for reading. So at this time the hours dragged heavily. It was seldom I had anyone to read to me. But when I had, my nervous state was such that I could not bear to hear any story that had a reference to disappointment, excitement, danger, or the like. And yet if I laughed, I was in mortal danger of my life. **Why? Heart so weak that it could not bear any strain. I could not turn over in bed, nor could I be turned.** I could not talk to the few friends who still remembered me enough to care to call.

But sometimes I made exceptions and did dare to talk a little, trusting that I was stronger. But since that walking episode, things had been worse for me than before. On one occasion in particular I had talked a little in the evening. At bed time (sleep time), I felt very wakeful and peculiar. I strove to shake off the alarming sense that crept over me. Presently I dozed a bit, but was soon disturbed by a sense of falling. Thinking it was a dream, I aroused myself but instead of its subsiding, the sensation of falling became more real. I strove to speak but was unable to articulate.

But finally I succeeded in faintly calling—"Father!" More from the tone than from the loudness of it, he came rushing to my room. For that once at least I was glad the walls were thin and his room just next to mine. He brought a light, but still things were black to me. I felt as if I were rapidly being whirled around in the starry sky of night, and then dropped, down, down, down, into endless depths of blackness. I kept striving to see the light and hold my flittering consciousness—to feel my father's hand clasping my own, in an agony of pity. Presently this feeling subsided somewhat, but it returned every time I closed my eyes.

On the morrow Dr. Auld was sent for. The night had been so long and terrible—I could hardly wait until day—until such time as I could expect to find someone to go and phone for him. He came and comforted me by sympathetic utterances, prescribing caffeine, nitroglycerine and large doses of strychnine. However, these medicines seemed to have very little effect. It seemed well nigh impossible to keep the chill of death from creeping upon me. I could sleep but little and that little in "cat-naps." Every time I fell into a doze, I would sweat profusely, soaking my night-shirt, the linen, and even the mattress and bedding. On the other hand, I was so cold that even the presence of three hot flatirons and two gallon hot water bags failed to keep me comfortable in this respect.

Usually I awoke about five times each night. Each time I wished with all my soul that it were day. At such times I used to like to know the time. There was a light left turned low in the next room. Its rays crept through the open door, so I could usually make out the time. I therefore kept my watch on a chair beside the bed. But when I wakened and reached out for it my hand would wander around uncontrollably for some seconds before I could steer to the watch and pick it up. In fact, my condition was such that I had a dreadful time pulling myself together and had to concentrate all my will power and think **HARD** that thing I desired to do, before attempting it, to have any sort of success.

Moreover, when I first awakened, I could not focus my eyes. They would wander about in my head, making me feel sick and desperate. Usually in a few moments, by much effort, the double vision would resolve, but everything would be blurred and foggy and often I could not see across my room. Often things would seem right close to me that were in reality nearly thrice the distance from me that they appeared to be. My pupils were contracted. I had more or less pain at the base of the brain as well as along the spine. I call especial attention to these symptoms, as they recur now when I overdo.

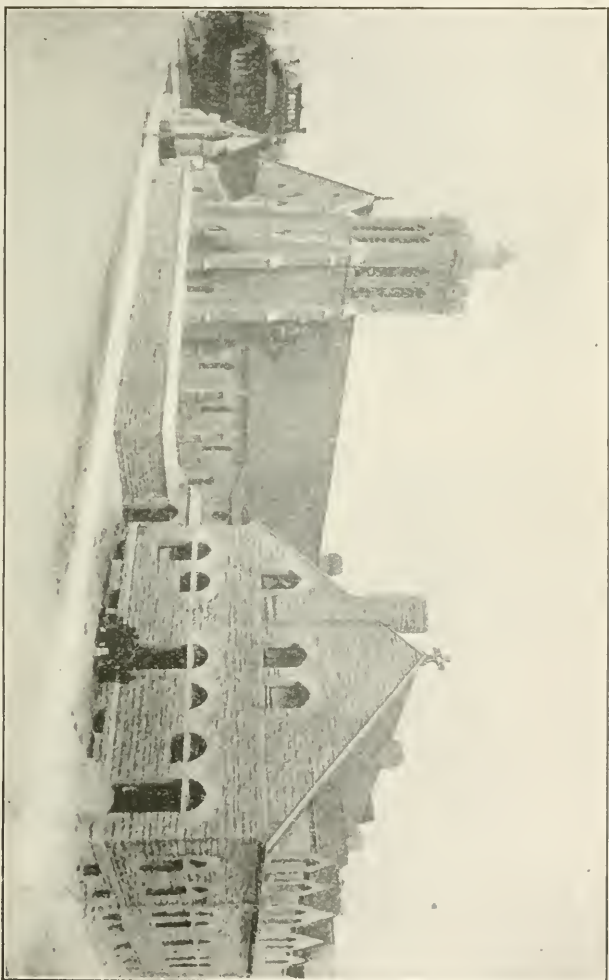
Another peculiar symptom which I had **early** in my experience, which is not uncommon among sufferers from nervous diseases, was that of shortly after retiring and after having slept a few minutes, there would seem suddenly to appear in the mind just as quick as thought, a

dream which seemed unusually real—that of a small, thick-set man with a very dark skin and black mustache and broad-brimmed slouch hat, a most devilish face, who seemed to have come into the room instantly and crouch near a window opposite me, take aim with a long-barreled revolver, and shoot, and I would seem to feel the bullet pierce some part of my body, and I would awake. I have met others who have had the identical experience.

For years I had been troubled by these hideous, frightful dreams. At this time they seemed, if possible, worse than before. I dreamed often of falling into a lake partly frozen, and going down, down, down, quite to the bottom. I could see strange monsters of the deep in combat, others seeking prey and coming for me. I could see horrible grinning mouths and cavernous throats and just as they were about to gnash me, I would awaken in an agony of terror, dripping with sweat, and so weak I could not utter a sound.

Other times I frequently dreamed of falling into a nest of snakes on a rocky ledge of a mountain with no means of escape. I could feel their slimy, wriggling bodies coil around me, could feel the pain of their fangs—and would awaken as before. Again I would dream of riding on a bicycle on a rough, mountainous road—that I passed a wood—and from every tree and thicket there rushed a horde of yelling, screeching gorillas who at once began pursuit. So I must ride, ride, ride. Madly I seemed to skim along—up, up, up, higher upon the mountainside. They cut me off from the road. I rode across the sward. Finally I could see that I was riding parallel with the seashore. The foaming, angry billows dashed against jagged rocks below. The ledge upon which I was riding became more narrow as I proceeded. The bicycle struck some stones and hurled me over the precipice. I could see the shapes of sharks waiting for my fall into the salty depths. I grabbed at the spare vegetation, momentarily checking the fall—but it gave way, and I dropped, dropped—and again I would awake as before.

Frequently I dreamed I was in an elevator and that the controller was broken. It seemed to be in one of the great skyscrapers in Chicago. The elevator would go up to the top with lightning swiftness and then drop to the bottom with a sickening thud, only to repeat, and



RECTORY

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FOND DU LAC

CHOIR SCHOOL

repeat, until my soul was wrung with fright and agony—and again I would awaken as out of other dreams.

Perceiving that the things which were being done were not helping me, I got word to Mr. Smedley at St. James and he kindly came to see me. I was not able to talk enough to explain the situation, but my folks did so. He was very sympathetic and kind and said he would return in a few days and tell me what St. James would and could do for me.

After a few days or weeks he returned to say that I was to be taken to the Alexian Brothers Hospital, where all my expenses would be paid by St. James. He also said that if they said anything to me about pay that I should say that those matters were to be attended to by Dr. Stone of St. James Church, and that Dr. Stone would himself pay for the carriage which should take me to the hospital. Dr. Auld added to the stimulants I was then taking, and I took the chance of getting there alive.

CHAPTER VI.

A Few Skirmishes—The Seamy Side of Soldiery.

ON arriving at the hospital I was at once put into the charge of Dr. Albrecht Heym, Neurologist, lately imported from Germany. The doctor could speak but little English. His examination was the most thorough I have ever had. As he rapped along my spine with his odd hammers and other apparatus, or listened along my spine with his stethoscope, he frequently indulged in despairing ejaculations and expressions of pity. The nurses and other doctors expected me to die in a few days. But my youth and Doctor Heym's excellent judgment prevailed. He had examined my abdomen with great care and bewailed the intestinal shrinkage and general cadaverousness. My temperature was commonly subnormal, sometimes as low as 95° (normal is 98.6°), and some doctors say that one degree down is worse than two degrees up, so far as danger of demise is concerned. I weighed only ninety-nine and a fraction pounds, and I am a man practically six feet tall with a large, heavy outfit of bony frame—so large that if it were normally covered I would weigh about two hundred pounds.

I was given bromides, iodide of potassium, electricity, water baths, iced and hot hose play, massage; later cabinet (artificial sunlight—dry heat) electric light baths, with massage, hose projectile shower, etc., and arsenic and iron added to my medicines. He saw to it that I had an abundance of plain, nourishing food. About a year later, I was told that they had done all they could for me and that I should get into the country and that I would then probably get strong faster. I weighed one hundred and twenty pounds and could walk one hundred feet, and sit up an hour per day.

I got my sisters to write to some friends in Fond du Lac and succeeded in gaining for myself an invitation to come there and sojourn for awhile. As I was leaving the hospital I thanked Brother Ambrose for the excellent treatment I had received. Concluding, I said:

“Of course I am primarily indebted to Dr. Stone for interesting his Parish—the people of St. James Church—to the extent that they were willing to pay my way all this time. But you have all been very kind to me and I appreciate it.”

Brother Ambrose smiled: “Who told you St. James had paid your way here?”

“Why, I don’t know that any one has. I understood, though, that they were to do so.”

And then the Roman Catholic Brother gently informed me that my Episcopalian friends had done absolutely nothing along that line—had not paid them one penny toward my maintenance there.

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Well, it was true that St. James had paid my salary—had given me a piano as a reward for faithful service when I left there. I guess they did not owe me anything. I had often waded through snow to my hips in order to serve them faithfully—but a few compliments to my grit settled such an account, of course. I had simply done my duty. But I had been led to suppose that they had decided to be generous. I was dazed and ashamed.

A few weeks after arriving in Fond du Lac it became evident I was not prospering. I called Dr. Mayham, who had treated me while I was at the Cathedral and stimulated me so that I could finish the contract year. Strychnine, nitro-glycerine, digitalis and bella-



RT. REV. CHARLES CHAPMAN GRAFTON
Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac and Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral
A great orator, a mighty character, a kind man

domma was the outfit. But it had not rendered me immune from further exhaustion, nor caused my body to receive new life and energy—just a kick—a whip—when I needed rest.

I had had bromides a year. So Dr. Mayham had no alternative but to give the old dope over again. I lost ground. My friends got sick and I had to move. My poor relations were making great efforts and sacrifices to keep me in funds. A friend went to see the Bishop of Fond du Lac. The following is the conversation that resulted:

“Bishop Grafton, Arthur Fuller is in town. He is sick and unable to work—has been down most of the time since he left here. His folks are unable to do more for him. I called to ask if you would kindly try to interest some of the moneyed people in his behalf, and also if you would authorize the Cathedral Choir to give a concert in the Parish House for his benefit.

The Bishop hesitated. “Arthur Fuller—Arthur Fuller! Where have I heard that name before? Who is Arthur Fuller?”

He had forgotten the cog in the machinery. There was to be no concert. Lots of good reasons why it could not well be—so many requests on behalf of deserving people, so many things on hand, etc.

But my sister Blanche, assisted by the other members of the family, rustled up a concert in a hurry in Chicago, and the funds were sent to me. Accordingly I went to St. Agnes Hospital. Dr. Mayham added arsenic, iron and manganese solution to the treatment, but I lost ground. Some people fancy that grief cannot affect the health. Well, it is true that I was mighty weak and that the least thing might be harder for me to bear than a great deal would be for a well man. But some people are hard and cannot understand why anyone should care about anybody or anything. Grief is not real until it gets into one's own heart.

I was told that I must renounce music forever. I was told to forget religion and cease trying to qualify to associate with angels, but to be satisfied to stay with men until my three score years and ten should be fulfilled. However, I did not improve, so on the advice of a friend I changed doctors.

The new doctor was R. A. Palmer. He gave different medicines than any I had recently had. I do not

know what they were. I improved slowly but steadily, finally going to live with the doctor, who was alone. He did his best for me. After six months I had improved until I could sit up eight hours each day and could walk about seven or eight blocks. My eyes improved until I could use them about fifteen minutes each day. I trusted, hoped I was getting well.

Among other things the doctor taught me, was to do my own thinking. But, oh, pity! my walking ability was not long with me. My heart became more and more erratic. I began to experience difficulty on going to sleep. Just as soon as my conscious mind would slumber—as soon as I began to cross the line between sleeping and waking, my heart would forget to do business to a most distressing extent. It did some wonderful rolling and indulged in oddest and most fear-inspiring irregularities during sleep. I append a few examples of its action during the day:

Before a meal the pulse would read about as follows: prostrate, 72; sitting, 78; standing, 104. After a meal, prostrate, 110; sitting, 138; standing, 164. There would also be as great a difference in quality as in speed. After a meal and before exertion the pulse would be strong, full, bounding; before a meal and after exertion the pulse would be soft and thready. Three hours after a meal the heart would begin to be a little less susceptible. One day as my heart was continuing fast, which it always does following the slightest over-step of my meagre limit of exertion, Dr. Palmer said, "Now, you have been walking about eight blocks per day, and I believe if you will get out and boldly exercise, that heart will have to come down; and I will guarantee to you that it will drop to normal."

It had failed to quiet down at the usual time after the meal, and the doctor, who was a very large, powerful man, by agreement set his best walking pace and we walked five blocks to the bridge. When we started my pulse was 132. When we reached the bridge it was 164. We walked back home, and nature collected the penalty—I was completely prostrated; fever, sweating and utter inability were accompaniments.

The heart held steadily at 142 to 146, and intermitted, fluttered and did double beat frequently, resulting in slight blanks in consciousness, heart cough, pallor and bluishness of the lips.

After this experience the diastole, or second part of the heartbeat, was soft, as if it struck on a cushion or soft rubber plate, and on effort to walk there was a gushing or blowing sound with it, as well as anemic murmurs.

My countenance, which had been possessed of good color, with bright eyes and red lips, was for a long time after this, pale—particularly, my lips were colorless and bluish mornings, and my eyes were dull and glassy. During the day my face occasionally would suddenly flush deeply and my head seem bursting with fullness of blood, and then the color would leave again.

After the experience referred to above, I at times had a feeling as if cold water were being sprayed just underneath the scalp from about the middle of the top of the head, clear across the breadth and to the forehead, and also as if a weight were laid on my heart. And I sometimes had a sensation as if the blood had receded from my brain. This did not worry me much just then, as I was not doing many mental stunts at that time. I used also to have such a sensation all over my body, and watched to see whether it was real or simply a nervous "sensation." Often I used to watch my hands and arms, which would be warm and the veins, distended, measuring probably a quarter of an inch in diameter. This receding sensation would come, and I would see the veins suddenly fade to a line of blue as fine as the finest thread, and the flesh would become pale.

I will not have space to tell in detail all the different troubles that came to me along the way. From time to time I will have to make long skips. But just here I will say that my sister, relations and friends had done all they could to keep me in funds. Now that I was evidently getting down again they sent me a ticket home. The ride from Fond du Lac was a terrible ordeal for me and I suffered intensely from heart pain and general conditions.

For a time, through the mails, I continued under the medical advice of Dr. Palmer with whom I had been the past year. But acute conditions arose requiring personal attention. Accordingly Dr. Reininger was called. He was a physician and surgeon, Osteopath, Chiropractic, and Suggestive Therapist. He was confident he could benefit me at once and permanently. But he failed to do so—on the contrary, I became rapidly worse under his

treatment. I tried another highly recommended physician and surgeon—Dr. Espy L. Smith. He made some inquiry as to my heredity and the past treatment. He said:

“I see clearly that you have had excellent treatment. The best has been done for you that could have been. But if that heart does not get relief and aid at once your earthly troubles will soon be over. Your heart may hold out three weeks, or even six. But if it does not get help, your days are numbered. You are a brave man—there is no occasion for me to beat around the bush.” He proposed an operation. But I did not have the price.

At this time I could only sit up an hour each day, and could walk only a few steps—from my wheel-chair to the bath-room.

To say that I fought desperately the on-creeping exhaustion is to put it mildly. I had had to reduce my exercise step by step, and what I suffered in vain effort to keep up my little stunts no one can imagine except any who may have had a similar experience.

I searched diligently to find out what could be the cause of my increasing exhaustion. Why did I not get stronger instead of weaker? I told different doctors about the pains along my spine, but they simply passed by that matter saying, “spinal irritation.” I noticed that when I sat up, as long as I remained doubled over like an old man, my heart was not much faster than when I was lying down; but if I essayed to straighten up, the pulse would jump forty to fifty degrees and hold there as long as I remained straight.

Misfortune had come to my relations in one form or another and they were no longer able to do anything for me. Every resource had been taxed to the uttermost. I cast about me to see how I could get money. I contrived to get credit for some toilet articles, and although I could not use my eyes, managed to write notes to neighbors and friendly people and got my little nephew to deliver them, and so made sales enough to keep me in some sort of funds.

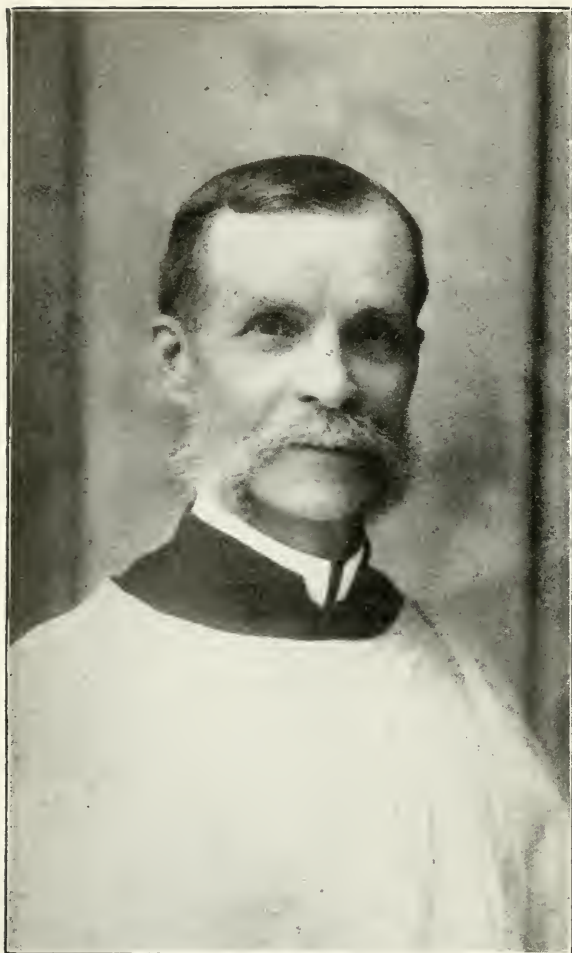
Circumstances developed that made it necessary for me to give up the room I had been occupying to make a place for another unfortunate member of the family. Accordingly I was moved into the unfinished attic of the house my father rented. The “A” shaped roof met the sides about eighteen inches from the floor. There was

nothing but the rafters and shingles between me and the outside. There was a window in the front and one at the rear. One of the big stores advertised dress lining at one cent per yard. I figured out how many yards I would need, and managed to sell enough toilet articles to get the necessary cash. Had a friend buy the material. Persuaded my brother-in-law to tack the cloth around, forming a room about twelve by fourteen. Afterwards he procured some paint and painted the cloth, making it fairly windproof.

Every time I caught cold I had a severe attack of catarrhal inflammation of the bowels, or bladder, or a dose of rheumatism. So I made the acquaintance of Dr. Wm. J. Pollock. He was an Allopath and Eclectic, but a good one. However, prosperity ruins many a good man, and increased patronage made him so independent that it was not possible for him to stoop to be thorough. I became tired of having him run in, look at me, ask how I was, write a slip of paper, and go on and send in his bill for professional calls when he gave me only two or three minutes. So I decided to browse around a bit.

I learned of Dr. U. G. Lipes, of Indianapolis, Ind. He was a mighty fine man and a good doctor. He made fewer mistakes than most doctors with whom I have had dealings. My bladder trouble was so obstinate, he wondered if I might not have a stricture. I did not know what that was. I learned that it was similar to polypus in the nose—just a catarrhal thickening of the urethral canal—that it might come from long continued irritation, or from an accident, or from venereal disease, or it might be congenital. I certainly had the symptoms. But I must not get ahead of my story.

My parents were in very poor health and were too feeble to climb the stairs to wait on me, so I hired a neighbor boy to come to me three times each day. In order to continue Dr. Lipes' medicines, I often had to make sacrifices. One thing after another was sold to get money. In the course of time I even sold my bed, and for many months I lay on a mattress filled with saw-dust which was laid upon a discarded barn door and this in turn was rested upon three soap boxes. As I had not the price of a stove, and had no one to attend it for me, I had to use an oil heater which had been given me some time since by my dear daddy.



WILLIAM SMEDLEY

The most eminent Choirmaster west of New York City

However, this oil stove was inadequate in the winter weather, and it was in this way that I conceived the idea of having my bed movable—so that I could attend to a coal stove. I never had the strength to do so, and never had the stove, but the idea was worth much to me, as may presently be seen.

Realizing that St. James Church had not actually spent any money on me, I thought I could not more than be refused if I again asked them to help me. Accordingly I sent for Mr. Smedley again. He came. I told my story. St. James then sent several medical experts to pass on my case. They recommended similar treatment to that which had been given me at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, as it had been somewhat successful—had benefited me somewhat.

Mr. Smedley came back to see me again and tell me that I was to have just what I needed and that I should be ready at such a time. The ambulance came and I was taken to St. Luke's Hospital.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival of Long Looked For Reinforcements—Crushed By Unsuspected Enemy.

ON arrival at the hospital, I was placed in the ward where patients were, and men with Bright's disease, liver disease, pneumonia, typhoid and rheumatic disease, etc. I had to use the same bed-pans and utensils as those patients. I was supposed to have absolute rest, freedom from worry, plenty of nourishing food, massage and electricity and other things that were not to be had at home.

The interne came for my case history. I was green at telling the story, and forgot to mention many things that should have been brought to mind, and spent time on some matters which were unimportant. But I did not know what they wanted and needed to know then as I do now.

Dr. Faville, the head professor, seemed much interested in my case. However, all the treatment I received was hypodermic injections of nitrate of strychnine, and glycestro-phosphate of lime and soda in wafer form, orally. I could not see anything very remarkable in that outlay. I finally perked up courage enough to ask

about the massage, etc., and was told that they did not believe in such doings at St. Luke's Hospital.

The man with Bright's disease and dropsy suffered dreadfully. He and others kept up constant groaning. I could not sleep. He had to be tapped several times. The stench was frightful. I could not see that that environment was an improvement over the attic, so I returned to my former shelter. St. James Church and the hospital authorities seemed to feel that I had behaved very disgracefully, and had insulted them.

The medical profession was at this time much enthused over the claims of lymph treatment. I contrived to get in touch with the New Animal Therapy Co., and with Dr. L. C. Gottschalk. He came and examined me. He was the first physician to express the opinion that my trouble was largely due to the spine.

Dr. Gottschalk was strong on the Suggestive Therapeutics proposition. He said that I needed cell stimulation and if I would use the lymph as directed, I would be walking in four days. I did as directed. When the appointed time came that I should be able to walk, I was in a bad shape. I was passing urine nearly as thick as soft soap and only about twelve ounces per day (normal is forty to forty-eight ounces.) It was excessively foul. My pulse was very rapid and weak, breathing was very difficult. I was in such a state of complete collapse that I could not even feed myself. In short, the evidences were undeniably to the effect that if I would stick to that treatment a few days I would be a dead man.

One of my sisters sang in the choir at the Fulton Street M. E. Church. Dr. W. B. Leach was pastor there at that time. My sister interested him in me and he used frequently to come to see me, and pray for my recovery. Several times his entire congregation made special prayers for my restoration, in conjunction with other congregations. But it appears to me quite evident that God expects every man to work out his own problem and saw his own wood. I think it is a mistake for the sick to get discouraged and bitter when prayers are not answered. The mistake is in wrong teaching and mis-interpretation of the Deity. But more concerning this in another place.

I have not space to put every matter down in detail. But the next experience of special interest that I can now recall was with something that was such a radi-

cal departure from the accepted systems as makes mention of it a dangerous thing. As the waving of a red flag in the face of an enraged bull, so it is to publish the good of a doctrine not approved by the majority.

I had considered the sayings of the doctors—that massage was very beneficial in cases like mine. Accordingly I secured the services of Mlle. Hilda Malmquist, professional masseuse, and had had three treatments per week for nine months without appreciable benefit. I therefore concluded that the rubbing was not the panacea—the elixir of life—the means of renewing vitality.

Do not forget, kind reader, that I had to lie in this dismal attic, twenty-four hours on a stretch, seven days a week, having only the ten or fifteen minutes' attention three times each day by the boy, Willie Effertz, who waited upon me. I could not read or whistle or sing—just think, think—wait, wait, wait—wait for morning—look out at the beautiful stars and vault of heavenly blue, and beg them to tell me how to improve my condition—beg for morning—beg that the long, sleepless night be ended. And when the day came—wait until the boy came to hurry through with the few duties—then wait—until he came again at noon; eat my little lunch and then wait alone until night—until he should come again and light my lamp and bring my supper. And then wait—until sleep time. And so began the weary program over again.

Where were my folks, my friends? Well, my folks had all they could do to look after themselves. My friends? My God! Had I lived in vain? Where were those that should love me? Where have they been every time I needed them?

But one day I read the large type of a head-line advertising "NERVE FORCE." It was an oil or unguent to be applied to the skin from head to foot and particularly to the spine.

Miss Malmquist also treated Mme. Anna Weiss, a concert pianiste, whose studio was in Steinway Hall. As I was a musician, I was mentioned. She came to see me. The result was that by the co-operation of Rev. Dr. Leach, Mme. Weiss gave a benefit concert for me. With the money I got a supply of "Nerve Force."

After using it three months I found myself improved in many ways. I had gained in weight and general health, only I continued to have to keep strictly

within the very meagre limits as to exertion, principally on account of my heart. I therefore called Dr. Pollock again and took medicines prescribed by him.

As I had been without internal medicine or stimulative treatment for some time, it was not to be wondered at that his remedies appeared to have beneficial effect. However, they did not re-make me, so I used judgment about increasing my exertions not being willing to undo the good which Nerve Force had done me. I had such frequent sub-acute attacks of cystitis that I felt bound to mention my apprehensions in regard to a stricture.

He at once proposed that I get fifty dollars together and he would have a great specialist come and operate on me, and say if there was anything further to be done. For I was not satisfied with my progress—it was not up to what I had so fondly hoped for.

By the assistance of a certain very few, I managed to get the required fifty. Dr. Delpratt came, performed his little operation, and then expressed his views. He had never seen me before, and while he did listen to quite a story from my lips, his questions seemed to have rather more of a personal than a professional meaning. However, I was green then. Rapacious doctors are not an uncommon sort of bird.

“Can you move your legs?” Dr. Delpratt asked.

“I can,” I replied.

“Let me see you.”

“Can you sit up?” was his next question.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Let me see you,” the doctor insisted.

“I have done my stunts already today,” I replied.

“Well, but I was not here to see you. I think you are just fooling me. I don’t believe you can sit up. Just try it. If you drop dead I will pay the funeral expenses.”

“I can sit up all right. I just said I have done my stunts today—all that was proper for me to do, or I would have done more. I have had to stand a lot of suffering several times before, just to prove I was game, and there is nothing in it. You must think you have happened upon a good sure enough case of hypo.” (Hypochondriasis).

“You are all right, but you have lost your nerve. You are afraid to show me that you can sit up.”

"You are mistaken. I have nerve and I also have judgment. The effects of an over-draught are not immediate, but they are none the less certain. That is proven by cases of dissipation, the collapse of professional men, and other things. If it were proper for me to sit up now I would do so, but I know it is not best."

"No, you are afraid you would die. But don't you know, I would sign the death warrant. If your folks could not bury you, the hogs or the maggots would clean your bones. Show me what you can do if you are a man."

I swung around. Under much the same line of dare I was also induced to get upon my feet—the first time in some years. On the same dare, I walked across the little room. He offered to help me when I staggered, but I refused, saying that if I could do it at all I could do it alone. He advised large, frequent doses of strychnine, with glycero-phosphate of lime and soda, and increased doses of Pollock's Heart Tonic (strophanthus, gelsemium, cactus grandiflorus and cinchona compound).

He went away feeling very well satisfied with himself.

Before I slept that night I prayed a long prayer. If I were fooled about my condition—if I were a "hypo," if I were self-hypnotized, oh, I was so thankful to find it out. The shame of it was not to be compared to the glory of it. I slept hard that night. In the morning I awakened eager for the beginning of a new life—the re-newing of the power to walk. I tried further.

By night the old lethargy began to creep upon me. I tried to shake it off, saying it must not be—I must get out of this fix. I tried to ignore and forget it. But each day the old symptoms and conditions became more and more aggravated. On going to sleep my body jerked, almost throwing me off the bed. My muscles began to twitch and draw wonderfully. Cramps developed in different muscles. Fever came upon me. Pain came into the back of my head at the nape of the neck. The old heavy sweats returned, and with them the horrible dreams. My heart began to run. My bowels and bladder became in a worse condition than they had yet been. The pain was unendurable. Every former means of relief was tried without success. The lethargy crept over me as of old. My voice became so weak and thin or so deep and sepulchral that it sounded like another person.

My body became numb from head to foot. I could not think. When I had an idea to express it would be gone before I could finish uttering it. I did not know where I was. I was confused. I did not know whether it was long since I had gotten down or only a few days ago. I scarcely knew what I did. My heart held at a hundred and forty-six. My urine was like pus, my bowels moving frequently with great pain, passing slugs of mucus as large as a fat man's thumb. The pain along my spine was intolerable. My elbows ached, and also the palms of the hands, down my legs, in my knees and at the soles of my feet.

In other words, in less than ten days, I had lost all the precious vitality that had been built up in five months.

I stopped the treatment—went back to some things I could trust, and endured the realization of all these things with what grace I might. When I got my wits back so I could think and talk straight I sent for Pollock. He SUPPOSED I was getting along nicely was the reason I had not sent for him. I asked him if he now had any OBJECTIVE symptoms as to the unwise-ness of the stunts Dr. Delpratt had put me up against.

He shifted uneasily in his chair and said Delpratt would not have talked so if I had been one of his own patients. But that Delpratt thought I might as well die trying to get out and get exercise as to stay there until death came upon me. But I got another doctor after that. Some men are so bullheaded they must see a man dead before they will perceive or admit that their side, their belief, their science, if you please, has its limitations.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Renegade's Ruse—A Spy's Damaging Work—Promised Ammunition Intercepted by the Enemy—Heroic Sacrifices by Faithful Allies—An Able General to the Fore—Hope of Victory—A Better Position Gained.

MY few customers in the toilet article and light grocery line were beginning to discover bargains at the big stores and my income suffered. A certain few of my kin-folk helped what they could out of their meagre earnings. But the combined receipts were not adequate. As St. James Church had not as yet actually spent any money on me, I thought I would dare to try them again.

I studied over the situation, and could not comprehend what caused my continued inability, unless it was either the state of my spine or that stricture: for Delpratt's operation seemed transient in its benefit, and I was in the same state as before. I learned of a doctor in Cincinnati who claimed to have a painless operation for that trouble and had had some correspondence with him.

In response to a letter, Mr. Smedley, the choir-master, very kindly came over again to see me. I explained that I needed some money for living expenses and for treatment. He said that Dr. Stone, rector of St. James, was quite out of patience with me for the way I had acted regarding their kindness in getting me into St. Luke's Hospital. But he said he would do his best to get Dr. Stone to agree to allow the choir to give a concert for my benefit. He departed and made overtures to Dr. Stone with the result that Dr. Stone sent him back to "I-N-V-E-S-T-I-G-A-T-E" further, and find out what it was I wanted in the way of treatment.

I felt considerable delicacy about explaining, but I did so. Mr. Smedley took pains to get the name and address of the Cincinnati doctor, and departed.

In a few weeks he returned to say that he had not been sent, but had come on his own account so that I

would not be worrying. He explained that they had written the Cincinnati man and had been more fully informed as to the trouble. He gently informed me that the Cincinnati man had said that, of course, they understood that this trouble was the result of impure living—that I had denied that I had ever done things that would bring about such troubles, but that it was common for men who associated with a good class of people to reply negatively to questions in this regard even though they were guilty. What could I do? The doctor said thus and so. I KNEW and stated contrarily to the man who was just enough to give me a hearing. But the doctor's **erroneous pre-supposition** won the day. The false report was out and its correction would not travel a thousandth as fast as the malodor had done.

Some folks may want to inquire, "Can a man actually come to the degree of helplessness that Fuller claims he has come to?" In another part of this book will be found the diagnosis of Dr. M. Olson.

Let me tell you some more things she said:

"Before I attempt to advise what you should do to better your condition, I will need to know what treatment you have previously had—what remedies have been administered, and who prescribed them. Can you furnish any information along this line?"

I replied, "I have always been much interested in the science of medicine. At school I always got highest credits in physiology. I never lose an opportunity to learn. I have made it my business to remember things that were told me. Furthermore, many doctors tell their patients when they are administering powerful or poisonous medicines so that the patient will take care to follow directions implicitly, and avoid allowing the remedies to fall into the hands of children. I remember for one cause or another, certain remedies that have been given me."

"That is very good," responded the doctor, "tell me all you can in this regard. Also, tell me as nearly as possible, how long each remedy was administered."

Accordingly I told what I knew about past treatment. The doctor then said:

"A number of the remedies you mention are cerebrospinal stimulants. It is very evident that at some time in your life, had you been so situated that you could have had a year or two in quiet surroundings,



HIGH ALTAR, ROOD SCREEN AND CHANCEL

Fond du Lac Cathedral

Where the Writer was Head of Things Musical

sanitary conditions, and abundance of nourishing food, and freedom, from worry and application to enervating occupations, INSTEAD of the cerebro-spinants, your present sad condition could have been avoided. From consideration of your heredity, I can see that you would never have been a strong man, but you need not have come to such a state as that I find you in, and might have enjoyed life by living moderately and hygienically. Nitro-glycerine is not a safe stimulant for prolonged use, and I cannot understand how any physician can be so thoughtless as to recommend its use for as long a period as ten months. Caffeine, kola, coca, phosphorus, Physostigma, xanthoxylum and nux vomica are all valuable remedies, but circumstances appear to have been so seriously against you that their employment was more of a curse than a blessing to you.

"But in my opinion, the use of bromides for eighteen consecutive months was as serious a mistake in the opposite direction. The too prolonged use of them will actually CAUSE degeneration of the spinal cord and brain. Physicians are often called upon to treat conditions which are the direct result of the use of patent medicines which contain sedative drugs, and have been used immoderately for the relief of pain. I have a case of idiocy in a boy of fifteen, now, from that cause.

"My advice to you is to keep away from medicines and doctors. Find some way to get out doors. Stay in the sun and air as much as possible. Eat sensibly of plain, nourishing food, don't worry, take things easy. Try to be at your best always. Keep your cheerful disposition. Drink copiously of fresh water, have frequent baths, salt rubs, cold packs and enemas. Ice to the base of the brain and along the spine should relieve the pains you experience there. Morphine, hyosciamus, cannabis, hemlock, hellebore and acetanilid are not sufficiently efficacious to warrant recommendation in a case like yours. Hot water applications are much safer."

Many was the ocular headache with accompanying state of hyperasthesia that I brought upon myself as I lay in that attic room, by turning the leaves of magazines, and reading the larger type. But on one of these occasions I read the ad. of Dr. S. M. Langworthy, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. His specialty was fixing spines. I corresponded with him. Some months later I risked my life by making the trip from Chicago to Cedar Rapids.

I had engaged a room by mail, and my relatives had succeeded in raising some money for me by some legitimate but original method. This with certain other helps from a few unwearying helpers enabled me to try actual spinal treatment.

A sleeper was engaged for me and I made the trip on a board eight inches wide and forty-four inches long. On arriving in Cedar Rapids, I got the depot master to call a drayman who took me to the place where I had engaged a room. This man's name was **Die** and I smiled grimly as we jogged along to the new scene, saying to myself, "Never say Die." His wagon had neither sideboards nor stakes, and as the board on which I had come from Chicago had no legs, I had to lie face up on his open wagon. But we arrived in safety.

It was some time before I was sufficiently recovered from this trip to be able to endure the examination by the doctors. Dr. Langworthy was the president of the American School of Chiropractic. The entire faculty and a few students came to see me. Dr. Langworthy made the spinal and general examination and diagnosis. Treatment was begun forthwith.

In these days, it seems that every man's hand is raised against his brother. Even father and son are in conflict. There shall not be one line in this book intended to damage the interests of any school of doctors or healers. The purpose of this book is merely to state facts regarding my experience and physical condition.

Physicians have been more kind to me, possibly, than any division of people. It would be ungrateful, discourteous and unwise for me to abuse them, even if I felt disposed to. They have frequently been patrons, and I need to avoid making enemies.

This book is written for **my defense** and if any man will do me the honor to consider its contents from cover to cover, with unbiased mind, he can hardly fail to realize that I have set forth only facts and have presented the truth. Many is the physician who has come along where I was selling on the street and said, as he took my hand and held it warmly in his own:

"I have read your life-book. My wife bought it a day or so ago. You have my deepest sympathy. While you are in our city, if I can do anything for you professionally or otherwise, day or night, do not hesitate to have me called. I want you to take this dollar in the

spirit in which it is given—it is merely the outward token of a sincere appreciation of your courage and manhood. I owe it to you. I only wish I could give you enough to take care of you the rest of your life. But I am a man of large family and it is not a great deal I can do for you in a financial way. But I sympathize with you deeply, and I would consider it a privilege to assist you in any way that might lie in my power.”

I would certainly do a shameful thing to cast reflections on a set of men who have among them those who are noble, big-souled, clean-conscienced men, who would do and have actually done more for me in a business way than any other class of professional men.

Dr. Langworthy said: “Medical men are antagonistic to Chiropractic as they were toward Osteopathy. The Osteopaths seem to have forgotten that they formerly occupied the same position as Chiropractors, and side with the medical men. However, you perhaps already know that I am president of the American College of Chiropractic which is one school with its course up to legal standard. We are able to meet the medical men upon their own grounds and prove our right to practice both by results and theoretical versatility—talk over the situation in their own language.

“I find abundant cause for your condition in your spine.”

I will not give in detail his diagnosis of the exact spinal conditions as it is given as a later statement from another Chiropractor, farther on in this book.

When Dr. Langworthy began treating me I could talk but little—could turn over only twice in twenty-four hours, and could lie only on my back, except perhaps an hour at night. My functional processes were very weak and I could not walk, sit up or use my eyes. At the end of three months I had hoped to be able to walk, but I was only slightly better. Dr. Langworthy said that if I could in some way contrive to remain another three months he was satisfied I would be so much better that I would hardly know myself for the same man. He said:

“Of course, I do not wholly disregard the law of heredity, but in my opinion those falls were the real cause of your trouble. If a good Chiropractor or even an Osteopath had gotten hold of you at that time you could have been fixed up in a very few adjustments. But as you say those falls occurred nine years ago, it is

pretty hard to correct mal-adjustment that has existed so long. Furthermore the medicines that have been administered have had their effect in bringing about local conditions that are hard to handle. If we can get those medicines thoroughly out of your system it will be a great blessing to you. I believe that if you will contrive to stay here for a while longer we will get you at least so that you will not have to take those heart medicines any more. Getting a man in your condition off from stimulants which have been so long in use is no easy matter.

"From a Chiropractic standpoint all of your troubles are from the state of your spine. Even that stricture is a result of motor reaction. You admit that they used gelsemium to relieve it, and any medical man will admit that that drug acts on the nervous system, and the relaxation occasions the relief. The conditions recur because the cause—the impingement of spinal nerves—has never been removed."

My folks contrived to keep me in funds a while longer, and in the meantime I worked out the plan I had formulated in that attic room in West Superior street, Chicago, when contemplating how I could become sufficiently independent physically, to operate a coal stove. I ordered by mail a tin wagon which cost \$1.45. I induced the man with whom I was boarding to make a platform on which I might lie, and so began the evolution of the cot-wagon that has been in use so many years since. At first I could only bear to get on the wagon once per week and the slight motion caused much suffering. But I stuck to it, and by Dr. Langworthy's faithful help, presently got so I could endure to be wheeled about.

After a few months I became sufficiently hardy to be able to endure to talk and ride enough to canvass and so began my discovery of a way to earn a living. I had to guard very jealously my vitality and could not converse nor otherwise do as I had done before the entire responsibility fell upon me, but had to save every atom of force for the work. But I thus managed to remain where I could continue the Chiropractic system.

A number of times it seemed best for me to go, but Dr. Langworthy hated to give up, beaten, and advised me to stay, saying that a few months more treatment would probably show much greater results than the former had. But the trial showed us disappointment. I had

the treatment eighteen months and at the end of that time was in the best condition I had been in since I first became unable to walk and work. But although I was unable to walk or sit, I am very thankful to say that the results were substantial in the benefit to my general health. However, at first I could not get along without the treatments and after a pause of three months fell back so much that it looked as if I were going to drop into the old state again, and I made the trip from Houston, Texas, to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, (fourteen hundred odd miles), in order to get more treatment. Langworthy did not fail me, and I was soon as well as when I first left. I stayed several months longer, however, so as to take that much more assurance that I would not have a relapse when I left off. His vibratory machines of his own invention are wonders in the way of palliative agencies, and deliver more Osteopathy in a minute than a man can in half an hour with his hands.

Dr. Langworthy's adjustments benefited my heart to such an extent that I was able to withdraw the stimulants, and so that I could talk all I wanted to, and could ride a good bit. They benefited my bladder and urethral condition to a considerable extent. I had formerly experienced terrible attacks of inflammation of the bowels every little cold I caught. Furthermore the awful attacks of spinal pain were lessened greatly in frequency and severity. Therefore it is evident that the Chiropractic treatment was well worth while.

CHAPTER IX.

Holding the Fort.

THERE are certain people who fancy themselves, limited sovereignty of the will. They ask, "Do you ever **try** to walk? If I were you I would get up and declare my freedom." To them I would reply:

Will-power is that faculty of mind which enables the direction of the attention, concentration of thought, continuity, and perseverance in a given intention, in the face of opposition; is the dominating element in that we call conscious mind, therefore directing the body to

movements which make for the fruition of mental prospect. It therefore has absolutely nothing to do with the performance of the bodily functions. "No man can by will power change the color of his hair, nor add one cubit to his stature." If you will show me a man who can take the proportionate amount, by weight or volume of the twelve elements known to compose the human body, and make thereof a living, breathing soul, I will show you a man who is fit to judge whether or not I am fooled concerning my condition.

Some good, well-meaning people make positive, but meaningless remarks about having faith. Faith is not entirely a matter of choice. We trust one person and distrust another, without reason or excuse, but no matter what arguments are brought to bear, the mind usually remains unchanged. If the success of any matter depends upon faith, it is without substantial foundation. If a doctor or a medicine has power, following the directions is all the faith that is necessary to obtain results. If the doctor or medicine has not the power, faith stands a poor show of bestowing it.

My views regarding Religion as a therapeutic agent are fully given in an essay on the subject "What is Truth?" which may be found in my book entitled, "Seven Essays."

If we believe that saw-dust will nourish the body, to resort to it as a steady diet, will result in death by starvation if from nothing else. All the faith God Almighty requires us to have is to eat two or three reasonable, square meals per day, and we will have no trouble in avoiding starving to death, the bodily conditions being normal to begin with. I do not care to argue with anyone. Let every man think as he pleases, hold that which appeals to him as reasonable, logical, true and extend to me the same privilege.

If my trouble is not due to spinal injury it must be due to overwork and heredity. Good stock cannot be raised from poor progenitors. My father had heart trouble from boyhood. I must admit that his tendency to excessive use of tobacco was often an exciting cause for a bad heart condition.

I can remember when I was a child how anxious mother was every time father would go out, even though it were only half a block; he might come home carried by men or in an ambulance or a carriage, having fallen

over in the street, and in the busy streets of Chicago it was quite as likely to happen just in front of a street car or vehicle as anywhere else.

His heart trouble was always declared to be nervous, functional or reflex—not valvular. His heart storms also broke with but little warning. Of a sudden his heart would leap to the rate of 200 or more, and would so continue as many as ninety-six hours or even more. During such times, his body was usually covered with a cold sweat, his eyes inclined to be set and staring. He was weak and dizzy and experienced a smothering sensation, and there was little if any pulse at the wrist. Of course during these attacks he was unable to walk at all, and was very restless, being unable to find it tolerable in one position long, therefore sitting a while and then desiring to recline.

My sisters have had more or less difficulty with their hearts, are weak, and evidently persons of feeble vitality.

My troubles began with cramps and icy coldness of the feet and legs, an inability to guide my feet normally when fatigued, increasing lack of power in the limbs, failing sense of equilibrium, and little blanks in consciousness. Aphonia (temporary loss of voice), frequent attacks of throat troubles, difficulty in swallowing, causing frequent strangulating spells which were so severe that I often became black in the face before I could get to breathing again. With these symptoms came weeping of the eyes, followed shortly by excruciating pains in the eyes.

Have you ever seen a great bundle of worms as big as a water bucket, writhing and twisting at the base of a tree which they were destroying? I used sometimes, to have a sensation as if the calves of my legs were composed of a bundle of such worms. When I would rise from a chair or bed my heart would pain severely, and I would become dizzy for a few moments. I then began to have more or less pain all the time around my heart, and to climb a flight of stairs was a thing to be dreaded, for when I got to the top I was dizzy and ached all over and the pain accompanying every heart beat was almost unbearable. Every symptom I experienced became increasingly worse, and bad conditions recurred more frequently every year.

When I arose out of a chair or off a bed, my heart beats became very slow and labored and violent, and the agonizing pain presently was not only at the heart, but

went up the spine clear across the top of the head, and it seemed as though a black cloth had been thrown over me. All I would be conscious of for several minutes often, would be the necessity for grabbing onto something and hanging on. My heart would gradually increase until the more acute symptoms subsided.

Later on I once or twice experienced a symptom when looking at the ground or some other object, as if I had suddenly raised my head and looked at the sun—a blinding light. Such a symptom is the only one possible for the optic nerve to give, as it has no sensory connection.

After some years of treatment a new line of pain came—along the left fore side of my neck, reaching up to my ear.

The doctor said it was the pneumogastric nerve, and at this time there was frequently a beating sensation at my left ear similar to when one draws the flap of the ear over the hole and taps upon it with the tip of the finger. The slightest exertion would cause a gushing noise to sound in my ears. At times this would be accompanied by the distention of the carotid arteries accompanied by flushing of the adjacent skin. This caused a choking sensation. I frequently used to have palpitation of the heart in the night.

All my life elimination has been more or less imperfect, although my bowels acted with some pretense of regularity. A brisk cathartic, instead of causing one or two copious, satisfactory movements, would simply cause perhaps half a dozen painful evacuations in the course of a day, the quantity expelled at each time being very small, accompanied by an “all gone” feeling of weakness, trembling and sometimes dizziness.

My kidneys did not function properly. Painful, burning micturition was a result and there was a great deal of brick dust sediment. The urine was very scanty and high colored. For about three years I was troubled with muscular rheumatism in the shoulders; also since 1906 I have been subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism in my knees, limbs and back.

About 1896, and for a year or two following, my bowels were so irritable that I could not even drink water as cold as that which comes from the faucet or it would bring a sort of diarrhoea. This was heralded by dizziness and congestion of blood to the head and a

ringing in the ears which was always one tone and so loud as to be almost deafening. My body was covered with cold sweat from the severe pains through the abdomen, and I shook all over like the a man with the palsy. The stool would be forcibly ejected and would be green or black.

It is amusing to note the disposition of some people to pity themselves. Quite frequently, men will stop when I ask them to patronize me, and inform me that they are in quite as bad a fix as I—and yet evidently have their eyes, and can walk. With the utmost care they observe their condition in minute detail, and in their over-anxiety pick on the slightest symptoms as being indicative of the presence of some insidious disease, or that they are “falling into a decline.” A professor in the presence of some students examined and prescribed treatment for a man who complained of heart trouble. When the man had gone the doctor turned to the students and said, “If that man had Fuller’s heart he would be **scared** to death.” I wonder if I can give you an idea of what a “heart storm” is like?

For several days previous the heart seems tired and worn, is easily embarrassed, and is sore and painful. There may be a suggestion of dizziness at times, and a sensation of falling every time I try to go to sleep, accompanied by great irregularity in the heart’s action. Perhaps for three or four days there is a smothered sensation and spells of shortness of breath (dyspnoea—) respiration no longer seems spontaneous; that is to say, the lungs seem to have a tendency to stop, and there seems to be no necessity to breathe; it seems to be an effort to breathe.

Resorting to deep breathing seems only to stir up dizziness and choking sensations, and seems to have no effect in warding off the approaching storm.

An experience I had after my second collapse—when I was able to walk a little—will serve to further illustrate. One night I had some difficulty in composing myself to sleep on account of my heart being so irregular and the smothering sensation being so persistent. Finally I dropped into a doze. I must have been asleep about an hour and a half when I became dimly conscious that my heart was flagging unusually, like a clock running down, and finally I realized that the heart had stopped.

By a tremendous effort of will and summoning all

my reserve force, I jumped from the bed, and the action stimulated the heart temporarily. It then ran as high as 180 or 200 for a little, and then a few beats at the rate of forty or less. When fast there would be throbbing all over my head, gushing sounds in my ears, and in spite of the fact that many years' singing had developed unusual control of the muscles used in breathing, it seemed for a time as though every effort would prove futile. When the heart was slow the pain was excruciating. Only those who have passed through such a struggle for breath and life can imagine what this experience is like.

The instance just referred to occurred during the time I was under Dr. Palmer's care before the walk to the bridge. At that time I could walk perhaps a quarter of a block a day and could sit up for several hours.

CHAPTER X.

A Running Fight.

REGARDING my spinal condition and diagnosis, I quote Dr. John T. Pue (graduate of Carver-Denny College of Chiropractic, Oklahoma, Okla.): "You have a slight lateral curvature in the dorsals. However, curvature of the spine may exist without serious detriment to the health. Sub-luxations are what cause impingement of spinal nerves and thus result in abnormal function. You have a sub-luxation at heart-place, both liver places, stomach place and kidney place—that is, at the first, third, fourth, sixth, ninth and twelfth dorsal vertebrae.

"There is a pronounced contracted condition at the first, second and fifth lumbar, and an absence of the normal curvature impinging the trunk nerves that should supply the whole abdominal and pelvic regions, as well as lower limbs, etc. There is also sub-luxation at the cervical prominens, which sends nerve supply to the arms, bronchial tubes, the throat generally, and the stomach. Sub-luxation exists at axis and atlas (first and second cervicals,) as well as at the fifth, sixth and eighth. Moreover there is extreme contraction at the occipital muscles—the result of motor re-action—the reflex of impinged nerves.

“In regard to the state of the nerve centers, it should not be overlooked that a sub-luxation might interfere with the action of the heart for instance, to such an extent as would cause the most wonderful and outrageous freaks in heart-action, and even cause death, and still the plexes or nerve centers, could be in a healthy condition. Furthermore a spinal condition bad enough to cause disease need not be so pronounced as to be perceptible to the eye, or the touch of the uninitiated. It takes an educated hand to feel, or the trained eye to see the mal-adjustment that is causing the trouble. A spinus process may be visibly out of line and yet not seriously impinge spinal nerves. And on the other hand, there may be very slight displacement and marked disturbance result. The degree of impingement is shown by the symptoms.” (Dr. John T. Pue, Nerve Specialist, in his office in the Hicks Bldg., San Antonio, Tex., November 29, 1909.)

The questions naturally arise—if you can move the different members of your body, why are you so helpless? How does exertion affect you? The facts are given below:

On exertion there quickly develops in the set of muscles being used, a burning sensation, followed directly by dull ache. These increase rapidly, and ere long, the part becomes entirely helpless—further motion becomes impossible. When I am having a bad spell, this ache is general all over the body and there is incapacity for control. The poorer my condition, the sooner these symptoms appear. I have found by experience, about how much I can safely do. If I overdo—persist in the endeavor too long, or if I repeat a slight overdraught, yawning or frequent sighing comes about. The ache develops more readily, it becomes very hard to “pull myself together” for necessary business. There is an indifference to comfort—it is an effort to move, to breathe—everything seems irksome—then, as Solomon said, “Even the grasshopper becomes a burden”—that old feeling of weakness—ennui, lethargy seems bound to possess me. It would be so much easier just to let life slip away than to brace up any more. There is more or less numbness, and general failure of circulation. The heartsounds vary, between being jerky and excited, and wonderfully soft. The pulse at the wrist becomes soft and thready. There is a chilly, creepy sensation all over

the body. The appetite leaves, often there is intense nausea, sleeplessness, nervousness, and a general damping up of functions. In other words, when I begin to exert, I begin to die.

It would be impossible to tell it all—to fairly represent just what I have to endure. And even if I could tell it, there would no doubt be still someone who was **skeptical**. "You look so remarkably healthy in the face to be so delicate as you represent!" some would say. I often have "encouraging" remarks made concerning my good color and healthy appearance, when I am and have been for hours, fighting hard to keep from vomiting all over myself and wares, and when I may not have had more than two hours' sleep any of the past seven nights, and am in such severe pain I can hardly speak, and am so weak that I could not so much as feed myself if my elbows were not resting on the sideboards, or mattress.

A man met me in the railroad depot. He shook my hand warmly, saying:

"I don't suppose you remember me, but I see you very often. I saw you the first day you came to this town, three years ago, and pass you frequently as I work in the store on the corner where you stop. Well, how are you? Say, do you know you are looking worlds better than I ever saw you before—you have better color than anybody in this depot. Why, you look the picture of health. You are getting fat—it is easy to see. I'll just bet you will be up and walking in a few weeks."

And the next day I had a spinal attack, and a hot old case of what the doctors called malaria—fever every day for ten weeks, barring five days' intermission in the fourth week when my temperature went sub-normal, reaching as high as 104. Diarrhoea, vomiting, pain in bowels, over liver, contracting of muscles along spine, making it so rigid I could not turn my head, and such eyeache I could not move my eyes, pain everywhere I had ever had an ache or pain, rheumatism in limbs, and so on. I met a man in Pueblo, Colo., who said he had heart trouble, but that if he took care of himself, his pulse and heart action were so perfect that no doctor could discover that he had any trouble of any sort, and thus he could gain admittance to any insurance company. But if he over-ate, or got drunk, or over-worked, or got in too low or too high an altitude, he at once became in serious condition, developing anasarca (dropsy) to such an ex-

tent that his life had been a dozen times declared gone, by the best hospital physicians in several localities.

Please then, do not fancy it is a sign I am fooled or am deceiving you about my condition when I say that when I am holding my own, my pulse is as strong as yours, and my heart-action faultless—as long as I keep within my limits. The speed is also normal. For a man, the best authorities say, the pulse may be from 72 to 84. Many hospitals take 76 as normal. For a woman, 84 to 96 is considered normal. Mine is usually 84—when I am holding my own.

So also about my eyes. If I were being tested, “investigated,” the examining physician might think he had found a fraud or “hypo-optic” when he first had me do a little stunt. But I should have to ask him to do what I have had to do—“WAIT.” And long after the little overdraught was committed, here would come the symptoms described as “eye-ache” and all the morphine, hyoscinamus, bromides, cannabis indica, acetanilid, caffeine, codeine, and all the rest of them would not help me, would not lessen the acute suffering. The blurred vision, diplopia, frequent disappearance of vision followed by blindness would develop in spite of it all. And all the calomel, podophyllum, Leptandra, hydro-chloric acid and all the rest of it, would not continuously color my stools. The price would have to be paid.

I want every reader of this book to know that because an adverse thing was true yesterday, I do not accept it as being true today. If I only could, I would save myself much suffering. I am too sanguine. I do not invite bad conditions. On the contrary, I fight them with every atom and sort of power a human possesses. But when a man has a thing hammered into him as forcibly as I have had my limitations hammered into me, he is likely to come to the conclusion that he knows just a little better what is best for him to do, than anybody else.

Two and two make four, and no matter what any man's opinion is in the matter, they will not make five. No man's opinion changes the facts in any case. A man cannot pull himself over the fence by the straps of his boots, and if a man has five dollars in his pockets, and is able to cause himself to think he has ten, he nevertheless will not have ten unless he gets busy and makes five more. Likewise, if a man has a normal allowance of

that element we call vitality (or "life"), his thoughts cannot leaven the little into prodigiousness, without the co-operation of things over which the will has absolutely no dominion.

In anticipation, I fancy I hear some reader ejaculate: "Taint a parallel case—taint a parallel case." I do not mean to forget that, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and that blows too often only call for retaliation and repeat *ad libitum*, *ad infinitum*. But I feel bound to say that the past hundred years has seen the growth and development of a number of peculiar "sciences" and theorems. The result has been the projection of a goodly number of mono-educated cranks. Each one has a large line of ponderous, ambiguous and confusing talk. At frequent intervals, he joyously regales himself by juggling the ideas taught by his favorite cult. In this manner he succeeds in re-hypnotizing himself. He takes pride in his "logic" and admits no **parallel case** which could in any degree interfere with the maintenance of his own pet theory.

I want to say a word to those people who would like to ask, "Do you ever try?" I want to ask them if they think I am getting all out of life that I could get? I want to ask them if they think there is any pleasure or comfort in being in the fix I am? Even a fly that has fallen in a bowl of soup will try to get out, and I do flatter myself that I have as much character as a fly.

Some folks who echo things they have heard, without consideration of the source, ask: "Well, don't you think your heart trouble comes from your stomach?"

Indigestion may oft-times cause heart symptoms, but where the heart condition is primary, the pressure around it of gas incidental to indigestion is only an exciting cause; and if the heart were able to do its part, it would not be embarrassed by such a thing. Functional disease means a splendid start for organic disease, and organs are installed for the performance of functions; and as long as functions are properly performed a body can never die. Functional disease, then, would mean that the organ in question is departing from normal action; and the health, ability or comfort of the patient will be affected in proportion to the functional derangement. In my own case I have oft-times observed that during a period of heart-depression my digestion was better than it had been in a long time—and in several instances.



In Episcopal Churches, the Choristers, Choirmaster and Organist Wear Vestments (Cotta and Cassock)

for years. As before stated, my case is an unusual one. Fresh air, plain food and out-door living often work miracles for a patient who has been confined for some years; but all these things from forced feeding to fasting, and from occupation to idleness, have proven as bottomless as space with me. Furthermore, heart symptoms from indigestion would be occasional and would subside when digestion was completed; but in my case the heart condition is constant and is not induced by indigestion only, although it may be augmented thereby, as is commonly the case in organic stomach and liver trouble as well as kidney trouble, showing that the heart trouble is only primary. See Dr. Cook's observations further on in this book.

I must not neglect to mention that I have had liver trouble along with the others. The recurrence of congestion became more and more frequent as the years went by, until there was hypertrophy. Milky urine shows tissue waste, so that doubtless the state of the urine as heretofore reported, was due to the progress of liver trouble. Now I am told I have atrophy of the liver. I also have dilation of the stomach. I have been treated, examined, or advised by one hundred and twenty physicians and healers. One of them also said I had erosion, or catarrhal consumption of the bowels. My **groins are usually badly sunken**, but I doubt if his idea is correct.

Many doctors have the opinion that auto-toxaemia has figured to some extent in my decline and obstinate disability. But it is easier to recognize a baneful diathesis than to correct it. The poisons that are retained in the body that should be eliminated may be responsible for many headaches and other pains. But I have tried many liver and bowel medicines, and find that too often they simply stir up secretions, but do not impart to my bowels the power to expel the accumulated faecal matter which is, at such times, evidently in the bowels, ready for expulsion. Fasting and the drinking of great quantities of water, likewise fail. Vigorous massage for from two to four hours, in addition to other measures, is necessary to accomplish any sort of an evacuation, under any circumstances. Also the mechanical dilation of the sphincter muscles, and dredging. Defecation often requires two hours. Enemas have some advantages, but bring about more nausea.

Some time if you will happen upon your physician when he is in a genial, talkative mood, you can doubtless draw him out, and he will tell you of several cases he has had where nervous derangement existed, and where some interesting features occurred.

For instance, in some forms of Neurosis, the patient is so "nervous" that when out to dinner, if his glass of water is filled brim full, the thought of the necessity for getting it to his lips without spilling it, will so unnerve him as to cause him to break into a cold sweat, and even render one hand uncontrollable, so that he is obliged to use both hands to accomplish this simple feat.

Or again, when called upon to do something in his regular line of work, with special care, that he will become so overwrought, that he is wholly incapacitated, and may have a violent attack of diarrhoea at the moment. The only way the task can be decently accomplished, he reports, is to absent his mind, and persuade himself he does not care whether it is done well or not.

It would seem evident that such conditions show that the body is weak, and is reacted upon by the mind, adversely. So this leads up to the point I wish to make. For there are some well-meaning people who see clearly the simple solution of the other's problem, but possibly fail to handle some of their own. I have a shot for the one who says: "Perhaps you would have been better off if you had not known so much about medicines, the body, etc., and would have gotten along better, if you had not watched yourself so closely."

This is a compliment, though not intended as such. This means that, had I been an idiot, I should have been physically well. Piffle—'twere better to be as I am or dead, than to be a mental pigmy. And listen. I do not talk or think about myself, except when somebody who thinks I need their advice, seeks occasion to tell me some things I do not care to hear, or some chump that fancies me an impostor comes up for a little free information. Where would be the sense in going to the trouble and expense of publishing books if I intended to dwell forever on the powder and shot already discharged. My case history is put into print in order to avoid reiteration along this line. I have better use for my time and energies. I am a busy man. I have no time for "hypo" absurdities.

And further, I do not observe my body any more than I observe the bodies of everyone I meet every time my line of vision is crossed. I am studying everybody and everything, all the time. God gave me the power to reason, comprehend and compare. I am a busy man. It does me no more harm to note my condition, than it does an engine for an engineer to watch his indicators, his fuel, water, grates, and the rest of it. Furthermore, the only begging I do is for the people to avoid talking to me about how I feel. If I get better, I will get off the streets. As long as you see me lying down, selling, that is the only thing I can do, or I would be doing the other thing.

CHAPTER XI.

The Enemy's Ambuscade.

AS may be seen by any fair minded person who desires to give me just judgment, I have been hampered all my life by poverty. I have been forsaken by friends—had every prop repeatedly knocked away from my needy carcass. I have been caught in the treating room, in the midst of an examination, and was therefore undressed, when the building caught fire. Screams, rushing footsteps, smoke and flames, really ought to stir up a fellow to action if he were capable of it. I did not run. Twice runaway horses have run toward me whilst I was stationed on a prominent corner missing me by only a few feet. I did not get up and run because I could not.

A few years ago I visited a town of about 8000. There were few rooming houses, none having rooms on the ground floor. Had to sleep in an alley the first night. Next night in a church. The third day I rented a "haunted house." A minister loaned me a bed, bedding, table and two chairs. The work of pushing the wagon and attending to the wants of a helpless man is hard and very monotonous. I have much trouble getting and holding a good boy for such wages as I can pay. I advertised for a boy to travel with me. Through sympathy I engaged an orphan who was then many miles away. I furnished railroad fare, bought him clothes and fixed up another room for him.

I owned a typewriter but had not learned to use it. On Saturday I needed some letters written, so went to a public stenographer. She had not time to do all I wanted but offered to come to my room and take dictation the following Thursday afternoon. Monday morning at 6:30 I gave the boy money to make some purchases for breakfast. That was the last I ever saw of him. He had not seemed dissatisfied. I was alone. The house set back quite a ways from the street. I always keep a heavy cane handy with which to reach things. I pounded with it on the floor rapped on the window pane across the bed. I shouted. No one heard. The second day a lot of people passed. I could see them but could not attract their attention. I shot through the window with my revolver. No one heeded.

Thursday the young lady came at four o'clock as agreed. I had been without food, water or any attention since the previous Monday at 6 o'clock. People thought I had left town. If I could have walked or crawled, don't you believe I would have done so at this time?

Another time I went from St. Louis to Fort Worth, arriving Friday night. Hired two boys to attend me. They were "Pals"—one would not work unless the other did. They agreed to come the following morning or I would not have let them take me in off the street but would have waited until I could hire someone who would attend to me. They went fishing instead and forgot me. The room was farthest back. People could be heard going up and down stairs. My heart was bad. I could not call very loud. No one heard.

In the middle of the room was a table on which had been placed a basket of food bought Friday before I came in. There was also a pitcher of water. It was Tuesday morning before the boys recollected and came to me. The food and water were untouched. Why? Because I cannot walk or sit on any occasion.

It should be plain to any fair-minded person that I have not laid down and allowed this trouble to possess me. I have fought it hard, and fight hard every day. Helplessness can develop from disuse. Therefore, the fact that I can do at the present anything I ever did do, should be proof positive that I am not a coward nor a man who shirks his duties or responsibilities in life. I never allow anyone to do for me anything I can do for myself. Instead of having lost confidence in myself, I

am about the proudest, most conceited, independent, self-reliant customer you ever did see. I just think that I can do everything a little better than anybody else. I resent assistance when I can dispense with it, and almost "bust" a puckering string to hurry up and finish a stunt when I see that somebody is going to come along and offer to help me do it.

By resting two or three weeks previous and being willing to suffer and wait until the price is paid for from one week to three months afterward, I can give a song and piano recital from flat of my back, that will put the best musician in your city on his mettle to duplicate. Being unable to use my eyes, and having no piano with me, I compose music, delivering the dictation to an uninitiated amanuensis. There are few composers who can do such as this.

A baby can exercise to a point of weariness and inability to repeat for the moment, in perfect safety. He can go until he falls down and then get up and go again without risk. There is no over-draught possible because he is guided wholly by natural instinct and the will does not force the body to spend beyond its capacity. He behaves according to his feelings. He is natural. If he is sleepy, he sleeps. If hungry he cries until he gets his "dinner." If he feels full of energy he wiggles and twists and kicks and tugs and crawls and walks or runs. When he is weary he rests. The will does not interfere to cause him to harm himself by over-exertion.

This is true because vitality is in the ascendancy. The functional processes are capable of handling the waste and repair—life is in preponderance. His bodily diathesis is building—"going up."

When a man is in the midst of typhoid or the collapse of Asiatic cholera or other disease, he does not have the same experience because his diathesis is opposite—his vitality is in the descendancy—the death-process is predominant—the direction he is travelling is "going down." His recuperative powers and resistance are reduced. Recuperation is normal only when the vital processes are normal.

If a man had both his legs crushed and his ribs broken, a condition might be present which would necessitate his being in bed prostrate and still for a year. His circulation might become so accustomed to that position that it would be unable to accommodate itself to

any other. He might have to resort to passive measures to get able to sit up again. It might be necessary to elevate him for a short time every day, only an inch or less, gradually increasing as his circulation became accustomed to the demands of the changed position.

But when the cause of the prostrate position lay in the circulation and that largely influenced by nervous and organic complications, the experience could not be the same because the cause has not been removed.

Many persons who are considered "tender hearted" are merely out of nervous balance. Their tears and thrills are not the result of a higher organism but of debility. We should not be too easily excited to appearances of strong emotion. Persons who lack poise are mentally or nervously sick. The maudlin drunk furnishes an instance of disturbed poise.

The vitality and functional processes are not under the control of the will. When a person's heart is already weak and excessively irritable when there is a lack of normal control on the part of the nervous system then emotion (fear, anger, jealousy, grief, self-pity, pseudo-sympathy), will often give rise to erratic, stimulated or depressed pulsations. Thus the mental state is seen to prove an exciting cause of abnormal heart action. There are a few instances of persons who learned how to control the heart action—augment or diminish the rate of speed a few degrees at will. But there is no valid reason why the will should control the heart any more than it should control secretions, peristalsis, or the growth of the finger nails. **Some men can wiggle their ears, but that does not prove them of the genus donkey.**

CHAPTER XII.

Repelling Repeated Charges.

EVERY competent, up-to-date physician has the materia medica. There is no one man who has any more than any other. The remedies which have been applied in my case and the nicety of administration prove that the physicians who have treated me have made proper selection of remedies and have exercised good judgment as to dosage. Their work is not to be improved upon. It is not likely that any one man knows so much more than all these able men who have treated me, as would make him able to accomplish anything very remarkable in my case.

I have had scientifically applied Electricity, static, faradic, galvanic and Magnetic, and Oxypathy as well. I have had Chiropractic, Naprapathy, Vibratory treatment, and Osteopathy. I have also had Massage, scientific Dieto-therapy, Hydro-therapy, Animal-therapy, Mechano-therapy, Suggestive Therapeutics, Christian Science, Mental Science, Spiritualistic, Magnetic and Divine Healing.

I have been tackled on the street, had my time taken up—time that I needed for earning bread and butter—and have been detained anywhere from fifteen minutes to three hours by good people who side with some departure from established methods and who are, no doubt, philanthropic in their intentions. But my position is that if **you** have found something which meets your need, and is a means of restoration to you, I rejoice with you, but that does not prove it is the thing for me, so do not bore me with it.

It is undoubtedly true that if a person is born into the world and brought up in such an atmosphere and thoroughly saturated with the teachings of any sect, they no doubt can be brought to believe that what they have heard is the truth, and contrary opinions are all wrong.

The history of the world shows countless instances of a person or a people, being convinced of the truth of a theorem which later generations have proven to be false.



Being carried by helper and passer-by from cot-wagon to bed on a stretcher 18x35 inches.

Not being insane, I do not feel that I am competent to solve the world's problems. But fortunately or unfortunately, I have investigated more than one system of healing, religion and philosophy; and while I do not feel that I have been enabled to study these things sufficiently to warrant me in taking Gibraltar position against the world I **do** feel that it is allowable for me to say:

I believe that man was created to be a spectator of the handiwork, wisdom and beneficence of the Creator. I believe that we are placed on this earth to get experience and be tried and be given a germ or talent that we may grow, and exercising our free will prove to the universe that **good** is better than evil, and our appreciation of the good is why we endeavor to eschew and overcome evil. The man who has little exercise will never become a giant in strength; the man that has no problems to solve, no difficulties to overcome, will scarcely develop the admirable qualities of the great soul which surmounts seemingly insurmountable difficulties. The man who has seen the horror and known the awfulness, the weariness of warfare, can appreciate peace. The soul that has known storm will appreciate shelter. The weary can know the sweetness of rest.

If we were left in a sunny land and were fed on manna from heaven, were not subject to heat or cold and consequently had no need to make provision against them, we would certainly become just like other peoples who have been thus situated—life retaining nothings. People too often forget to rejoice because of the evil which they escape—fretting themselves at the lack of possession of something which they esteem as good. The man from whom severe pain has just departed will be more easy of persuasion that it is good to be free of pain than the one who has never known pain. If we had too easy a time in this world we would desire no better. I am quite partial to the opinions expressed by that great thinker, John Fiske, and **he** says that evil and labor, etc., are part of the creation. Unquestionably, many things have their power and beauty through comparison, and if we realize evil is bad we ought surely to choose the good, which is God.

Many people have been good enough to say that my life is a living example of what I feel along these lines. I am rejoiced if such is the case. As I study humanity

I perceive that too many are living under the curse of indolence. Many appear to think labor beneath their dignity. Many are ashamed of their work and the necessity to work. Every one seems to be searching for some graft, some sly system that will remove the necessity to earn daily bread by the sweat of their brow.

Too many would rather be idle and suffer for the necessities of life than do other than follow their chosen trade. They will consent to do things that are wrong if there is money to be made thereby, rather than change their occupation or do work that is not up to their idea of genteel-ness. I am glad that I am possessed of a spirit that enables me to adapt myself to the needs of the hour.

Regarding the maintenance or achievement of health, it should not be forgotten that all that can be done is to endeavor to secure functional integrity—rendering normal the functional processes upon which life depends—which bring about active metabolism; by correcting perverse diathesis; by removing anatomical or mechanical obstacles to healthy bodily conditions; by the correction of unhygienic or unnatural habits of life—that is, excessive labor or frolics, lack of proper rest, or excessive indulgences of any sort—and by the removal or resolution of mental disturbances such as fear, worry, grief, jealousy, hate, anger, and the establishment of self-control and normal equilibrium.

But here is the proposition: Earnest endeavor will not guarantee successful sequence. The cause of failure does not mitigate the result. Over-estimation of resource or endurance will not side-track the resulting bankruptcy. When nature proves unable to meet the demands of life, a natural collapse occurs. Reliable tonics may then be applied resulting in ready improvement. But when circumstances arise in the life of the patient before former fair state of health has been restored, which results in a second collapse, the situation is not so easy. Treatment that is good for beasts may sometimes be good for men. It is best to keep a horse on his feet. So with a man. Then apply larger doses of the tonics and stimulants, and try to keep him going. Now let further combination of adverse circumstances arise in the life of the patient resulting in a third collapse. Question—What has doctor or patient left to do? Surely the vitality—the brain, spinal cord and nerve centers—have been taxed to such

an extent that had it not been for certain favorable details, death must surely have resulted. A strong desire to live, a disposition to make the best of the present possessions, determined fostering of the heaven of life, a temperate, hygienic habit of life counts for something in such crises. For in this life there may arise circumstances—financial, social, environmental—which are indeed beyond human control.

A pound of salts injected into the bowels of a dead man would have absolutely no effect. It is the life in the body which must do the work, and without it no doctor or medicine or system of treatment can be successful.

The heart specialist evolves a convincing theory that all my trouble is due to the heart and circulation. A bowel specialist will prove to your satisfaction that all my troubles are due to the bowels, and a kidney specialist will smile indulgently and show you how both the other fellows are wrong and that all the trouble is due to the kidneys, and a nerve specialist sniffs disgustedly and declares they are all wrong and these troubles are due entirely to the nervous system. And so, friends, I guess it really is a case of trust in God and face the present and future like a man; and that is what I am trying to do.

I have said my trouble is partly due to overwork. I have met people who complained of being overworked, and yet when I became intimately acquainted with them and saw their lives, I have been able to see that they really have a great deal of leisure. They waste and unnecessarily sacrifice a great deal of time, which could be utilized to good advantage. With proper planning they could easily avoid working late nights, and on holidays, and would have plenty of time in which to partake of necessary nourishment. When a man says he "does not get time to eat" he usually means that he has failed to plan, and that as a natural result, his work is crowding him.

And so I want to make it very plain that when I say overworked I mean being as busy every minute as a race horse on the home stretch—just going it for all that's in one, from early morning till late at night. I can never bring myself to believe that if a man has a pile of wood which he would like sawed, God will saw it for him. By this I mean to signalize that there are certain natural

laws which the all-wise Creator set in operation in the beginning, and these laws must obtain so long as this blessed universe holds together.

I believe that there is just as much life in the universe as there ever was, that God is knowledge and by knowledge created all things, and did not make something out of nothing, nor would He make nothing out of something.

Furthermore, when I die, my spirit "will return to the God who gave it," and I do not believe that my existence on this mundane sphere is so important to the fulfillment of the divine plan that the work which I would do in health cannot possibly be done by someone else. And whether I die matters not, for God has lost nothing, and His kingdom will move and His church progress whether or not I am able to join in the work.

I do not believe that affliction comes from God necessarily. I believe that human beings were created to be spectators of His handiwork and wisdom and beneficence; and our sojourn in this world for three score years and ten is so that we may obtain experience and have a schooling and be tried, and that is why He permits adverse things to be.

I think for one to lean on faith and a belief that God will supply physical force is a tempting of the "Lord thy God," and leads to a perverted attitude toward the Deity.

I think that one reason different "Sciences" have had success is due not so much to their potency, as to the change they make in the individual. I think in the majority of cases sickness is the result of bad living, excess in some form or other, and lack of good judgment, of climatic influences and of fear, anger and worry.

I am often asked if I ever expect to get well. In reply I would say that I think that the important thing for me to do is to be a man. If I do get well, I will rejoice and will try to be a man. If I remain as I am, I will strive to be content and I will strive to be a man. If I die, I will endeavor to accept death as becomes a man.

Doubtless the less our opportunity the less our responsibility. The man with two talents has less to account for than the man with ten.

The man who has only man enough in him to be able to take the easy part of life, the sunshiny weather and

his best clothes, is hardly an ideal man, and in my opinion, one should aim to have "a heart for any fate," and to be ready to partake of ease and luxury temperately, or to take of labor and the clouds and the stormy times and privations with humility and grace.

CHAPTER XIII.

More Entrenchments—"Man is Born to Trouble as the Sparks Fly Upward."

ONE of the several hob-goblins which this child of trouble would flee is the man who conceitedly announces: "I can cure Fuller." He may be sincere in his belief, but his belief is usually founded upon something which has enthused him to mania and over-confidence. The sane, conservative man does not KNOW what he can do until he tries, recognizing in each new case a proposition possibly differing more or less from similar ones of apparently identical aspect. I do not believe there ever was a case like mine. But if there have been thousands upon thousands, could the most successful healer honestly say that he had never failed? I fancy not. Mortal man has not yet reached such a high state of cultivation as admits of infallibility. The wise contestant is the one who does his crowing AFTER the victory is won.

Therefore, to any doctor, healer, scientist, or fool who will undertake to prove that I am deceived about my condition—self-hypnotized—or that I am a fake and am making game of the public, he can have \$1,000, on presentation of substantial proof of his success; provided that if he fails he will pay me the same amount and all expenses, when he has had sufficient time to see plainly who is the chump. In other words, I have found a man who believes in me and my judgment \$1,000 worth. It must be a pretty poor sort of knocker who has not as much faith in his insulting expressions of self-conceit.

In looking for material wherewith to reinforce their armamentarium, doctors easily become prey to different fads. One of the most insinuating is "suggestion," and "hypnotism." Many doctors boast that they hypnotize all their patients. The bad feature of such treatment is

that if a patient becomes susceptible to the doctor's suggestions and influence, they will also become prey to others. I am glad to realize that I am not dominated by anyone else's mind. To submit to hypnotism means to allow someone else to come into your body and mind and operate them for you. In short you are not you but the doctor is you in your stead. Well, I prefer to be myself all the time and paddle my own canoe. If I cannot live and be myself, I would rather die than be persuaded into allowing anyone else to set aside my own individuality and personality.

I once heard a doctor say of a typical locomotor ataxia or multiple sclerosis case: "In my opinion, his inability is due to self-hypnotism and wrong suggestion. His trouble is in his mind—his imagination." (No, friend—he was not speaking of me. He appeared to think me strong-minded and plucky.) But he or some other gloryseeker might say equivalent of me. So I want you to know that the best authorities point out that it is characteristic of locomotor ataxia that the patient can walk all right as long as he can see his feet. That although his knees may bend the wrong way when he attempts to walk, if he is allowed to sit in a chair and extend one leg at a time, he is found to possess as much muscular strength as a normal man. Furthermore it does not always follow that a person afflicted with a neurosis becomes pale and thin. On the contrary they often take on fat after they have ceased to be able to walk and attend usual duties. At 416 S. Alamo Street, San Antonio, you will find a man who has been bed-fast 18 years who weighs as much now as he did the day he had to quit running a locomotive—about 200 pounds. I saw as fine a specimen of manhood as one would wish to see, in the Alexian Brother's Hospital, Chicago, who was afflicted with locomotor ataxia, whose red cheeks and sparkling eyes made him look as healthy as any man you ever saw.

It should therefore be clear from the foregoing, that muscularity flesh and ruddiness do not guarantee nervous health and power. Therefore my claims should not seem strange or peculiar.

And so I will say that if any person really thinks that his mentality is the only extraordinary thing in the universe, let him come and LIVE WITH ME—and I will show him that there are actually some other things.



Operating by Touch Method Makes the Typewriter a Great Boon to Those Lacking Eye Power

Among them, the incapacitating and foilsome disease which has for some years past, laid me open to various sorts of misjudgment and erroneous pre-suppositions, not to mention frequent indelicate inquiry into matters which should be none of the questioner's business.

Come, I say, and live with me, and I will instruct orally, and by practical personal illustration, what "initiative," energy, "git," ambition, will-power, independence, patience, persistence, self-reliance, mean—and how that the absence of morbid fear, presence of coolness and a degree of imperturbability, as well as sane judgment, makes even the storms of every-day life, and the machinations of hateful spirited men, weatherable, and can enable a man to keep fairly cheerful.

Come, I say, and live with me, and I will prove to you that I am no relation to the unfortunates who feel that their griefs are the saddest, their burdens the heaviest, their pains the cruellest, their problems the most overwhelming. The past achievements are grandly all-sufficient, and that now it is time to fold the hands to rest, and let the public look on in awesome admiration, and shell the corn.

I know what I know and am pleased to have others enjoy the same privilege. But let's talk sane, manly, helpful talk or let's keep still.

There are people who always expect a sunny smile and a long and interesting conversation to be chiefly carried on by the benefited. Forgetting that time is the only capital I have and circumstances and conditions frequently develop which make a ready smile quite as much out of place as laughter at a funeral and quite as difficult as dancing gracefully when one has tight shoes and a bad set of corns.

Sometimes three or four men pass my cot-wagon on the street, chatting gayly. I accost them with my usual call, "Buy something?" They look at me, grin and make remarks among themselves which evidently amuse them greatly. Sometimes I overhear them commenting upon my good color, saying, "Pretty healthy looking corpse, ain't he?" Perhaps another replies—"That's the best graft I ever saw—that's a new one on me. That's pretty soft." And another of their party may add, "It takes a good fake to get the big money."

I cannot say but that I resent such things. In fact I used to feel a little hurt or as if there was a possible

sly insult behind it, every time anyone said, "Well you certainly look well to be lying there that way." But recently in my travels I happened upon a home where death had made a visitation, and since then I have not cared so much. This is why:

About eight years previous a pretty English girl had come to this city from across the ocean to visit her brother who had recently married. A good looking American mechanic who worked along side of her brother was a frequent visitor and met the young lady at her brother's house. When it became time for her to return to England she married her brother's friend instead.

In course of time a son was born to them, and later a daughter. Both were very dear to the parents. When the boy was ten, the mother received news that a small piece of money had been left her through the decease of her uncle, and she was required to pay a visit to her old home. Accordingly it was arranged that she make a trip to England.

For reasons which need not be explained here, it was decided that the mother should take the son with her and the father was to retain the little daughter, now eight years old. The mother had not been away a week before the daughter was stricken. It was impossible to bring the mother back at once, and the doctor thought it unnecessary.

Little Myrtle was a beautiful child and was possessed of a lovely disposition. After several weeks of suffering, she died. The mother had been notified and was already on the way home. The funeral was deferred until her arrival. The evening she returned, some friends of the neighbors came to see the remains. The mother was sobbing out her heart's grief in the next room. The undertaker had tried to fix up the child's countenance so as to look as nearly natural as possible, as is the custom these days.

One of those viewing the remains said:

"Doesn't she make a lovely corpse? She looks perfectly natural. Why I don't believe she is dead at all—looks just as if she were only asleep."

She had been dead three days. The mother heard. How her heart must have ached. She rushed into the room and clasped the inanimate body to her breast. But the poor child was dead. Odd how thoughtless people

can be. But I never feel any hurt at such remarks any more since witnessing this example of cheap talk.

I also saw with my own eyes a sweet young woman of whom people commented, "How well she looks," even up to three hours prior to her death. Her afflictions were regarded as imaginary and hysterical. It took her death to furnish vindication. Her afflictions were nerves and heart. Reputable doctors declared she had no organic disease a short time before she died.

Often some person in a spirit of kindness tells me of some unfortunate soul who is in a worse condition than myself. Their remarks usually conclude with: "It ought to be a great comfort to a man in your fix to realize that you are not the only one who is afflicted. There is no fix so bad but that it might be worse."

Fudge! What honor would it be to have it freely admitted that one were the most horribly afflicted human that ever lived? I am glad for any one who can find comfort in such negative reflections. But as for me, to know that there are thousands starving in India will not relieve my necessity, nor will knowing that others have fought and failed, reconcile me to accept defeat.

My rightful heritage is for health, happiness, liberty and success, and if any man is fool enough to lie down and let his rights be taken away from him because others have had it to do, he is a bigger chump than I am—and I did think that I was about the biggest mutton-head that ever loved gentleness, patience and self-abnegation to such an extent as rendered him an easy mark for those who profit and rejoice at a brother's loss, downfall or grief.

God is good. I do not presume, as do many, to criticize His handiwork. This world is the dandiest place I am conscious of ever having gotten into. To recite all the cases I would not wish to change places with, that I have seen with my own eyes, would take another volume the size of this one. But that does not mitigate my handicaps and losses and crosses entailed because of them.

But I would much rather realize that I am unable to walk, to sit up, or use my eyes, than to realize an equivalent along mental or spiritual ways. I would much rather be as I am at the present writing than I would certain states I have been in during the past fifteen years. For could I be favored by good water, good food,

not have to work too hard, avoid catching cold and being pestered to distress by the skepticism of the wise and otherwise, I could get some comfort and joy out of life.

The point is, that I am excessively delicate and it seems quite impossible to keep out of bad spells long. But aside from all else I do so love independence and long to indulge in the activities of life that to stay within my humble limit is indeed a difficult task.

I would not have anyone fancy that the battle of life has made me bitter and distrustful. I can see that I have lost a little in gentleness and delicacy but I have gained in firmness and disposition to apologize a little less and unmask the hypocrites who range at large and stampede many by fierce might, exercising injustice and tyranny over heart-broken rabbits who can only run. It is an unequal fight. There is no chance of winning, but perhaps there will some day a way appear that will deliver me from some phases of battle.

CHAPTER XIV.

Shrapnel Into the Enemy's Camp.

ON Sunday, Nov. 11th, 1909, Rev. George D. Harris, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, San Antonio, Texas, said to me:

"I recently was sent a report from a meeting of an International Association of Physicians at Philadelphia, wherein was given a list of over two hundred new diseases which were brought up and discussed before this medical congress. Not a one of them was in the Medical or Standard Dictionary. There are new things cropping up every day. What is accepted as the best way today may be laid aside in a few years by something vastly more effective."

A medical man came along one day and when I told him of the many diagnoses that had been made in my case he said: "Fifty years ago, if a man had said something about an ovarian cyst, or appendicitis, the most up-to-date medical men of the day would call him down as a rumpus maker and no one would have known what he was talking about."

Millions of dollars have been spent recently to try to

discover a cure for the "hook-worm disease," the principle symptom of which seems to be great ennui and in-anition, indisposition and incapacity for exertion.

In Africa there are many deaths from the "sleeping sickness." The symptoms appear to be simply excessive drowsiness, which increases into stupor terminating in sleep which continues until the patient dies of starvation and lack of fluids.

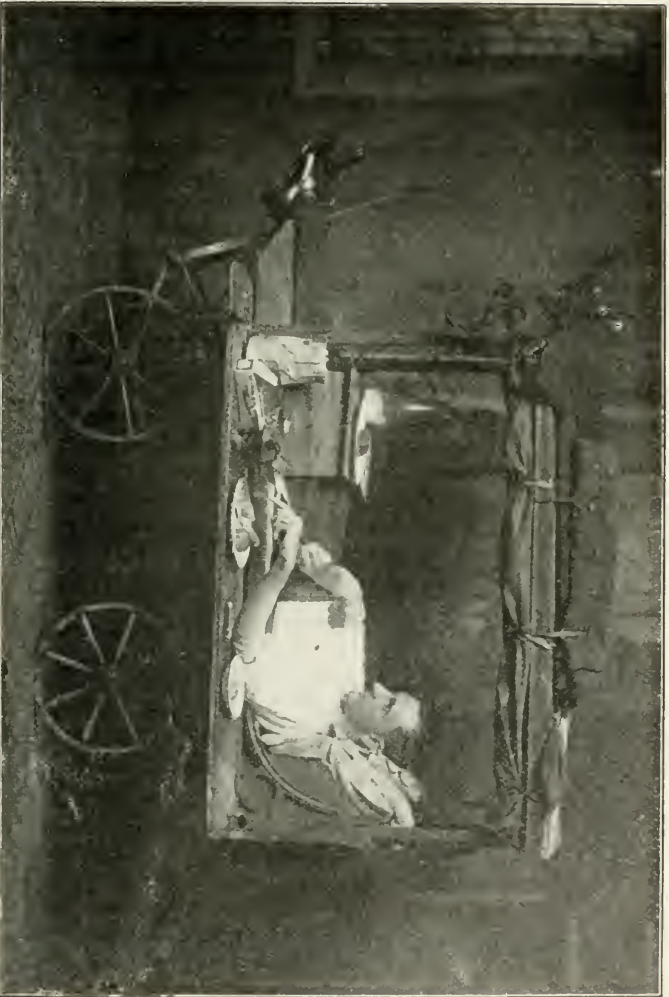
In Houston I met a lady who said she was thirty-five years old and had never known a sick day in her life, but had suddenly gone deaf in her right ear and nearly deaf in the left. She had been a housekeeper in an old ladies' home and with the exception of a little trouble had had no strain to the nervous system. But the specialists said her deafness was due to neurasthenia.

All these things being true, why does the condition I claim to be in seem peculiar or mysterious to any fair-minded person?

Many people suppose that it is very easy to make a living with affliction as a magnet whereby to draw the attentions, sympathies and purse-contents of the public. Let those who wish to be fair and just in this matter, consider my experiences in the matter of making a living from flat of my back, as detailed in the next volume of this work, entitled, "Fifty Thousand Miles, Back-Ridden."

If I prove that I am paralyzed, why should that be considered vindictive? If you will look around you, you will see more than one man filling some wage-earning position who is sure enough paralyzed. If I produce statements to the effect that my trouble were ossification or chalky rheumatism, what would that be to vindicate me? Do you not know of some man who is thus afflicted who is filling some wage-earning position? I have met several in my wanderings.

If arrested as an impostor, as some skeptics would be pleased to witness, and I have a fair trial in public court, or if a doctor were sent to "investigate" my case, what would be the result? The doctor would be compelled to ask questions. The best he could do would be to state his **personal** opinion and say whether or not I was telling the truth. Then had you not better take the information first-handed and judge for yourself- And if by any chance this volume falls into the hands of any person who reads it considerately and he judges that I



PREPARING A MEAL IN THE ROOM

am fooled, or am fooling the public, I beg that person to come to me and get the purchase price back.

Friend, I am not deceived about my condition—nor am I deceiving you. I have asked for a hearing, and if you give it to me by reading this book, I am willing to rest on your verdict. I am a man—and an honest one. I write books for a living and all questions which may properly be asked of me are answered herein. If I am questioned further, I may answer in such a way as will quickly end your questioning. I am not on the streets to satisfy people's awakened curiosity, but to make a living. I formerly tried to make of every one a friend. But experience has shown that emotion prompts many people to propose things they will fail to carry out. Few persons are really capable of a big, honest, noble, unselfish friendship. I am only a passenger, a sojourner, a traveller. We may never meet again. I think well of those who assist me by patronizing me. But the profit on a sale is not sufficient to constitute a permanent endowment—I must keep hammering away, and sell more, or I will not succeed in making expenses. If I lack the cash to pay my way, neither your conversation, sympathy, or my grit, will avail.

Therefore I cannot afford to waste time by visiting during business hours, spent upon the streets, unless there is to be something tangible in it—money or influence.

There may not be another case like mine in the world. That does not make my condition any the less dire. If medical science cannot name my condition as I state it to be, the limitation, the fault, is with medical science and not with my mind or representations.

When I was first afflicted I had occasional attacks of fever. The doctor who attended me said it was "a touch of typhoid." Another time he said I had "a touch of malaria." At the last attack the honest M. D. who was treating me said: "This is a rather peculiar case. True, there is quite a bit of malaria in this country, but this attack has occurred in such a manner as leads me to think it more of a nervous fever than malaria. The vomiting, purging, severe headache, vertigo, contraction of muscles, pain along the spine, rheumatic condition, etc., might be accompaniments of either, but the fever continuing day and night for ten weeks with only a few hours of sub-normal temperature allows room for ques-

tion. However, if it is not malaria, I do not know what it is."

The spinal specialists say it was spinal this last time and every time before. I do not know. I give the doctors' opinions, and have simply to say for myself that I am really afflicted to the extent that I cannot walk, sit, use my eyes, nor exert in any way, which leaves me badly handicapped in the battle of life.

If any skeptical person will be good enough to STOP AND THINK, he will have no trouble calling to mind some person out of some family, that has been fostered under the same roof, with the same diet and advantages, and yet is much weaker than the other members of the family. There is no organic disease, but the person simply is not as hardy as the others. Admit then, that some people can endure more than others. And then explain why it is so to me? Or state what law it is governs the generation of life or force?

CHAPTER XV.

The Enemy's Woolwich Gun Silenced.

CITY authorities, doctors, and mischief makers, are ready to thrill over anything that may gain them credit for having undone a clever fake. But I want to mention that I for one of perhaps many pestered and persecuted people, want to say that there are vastly more fakes in high places than there are on the road, in jail or purgatory. If I were a fake—if I were myself deceived or if I were deceiving the public regarding my physical and financial condition—I would not be as proper a cause for indignation as are many doctors, lawyers, school teachers, ministers, and other sorts of professional people, more especially MUSICIANS. And say, will you kindly tell me, what do Mayors do that proves them superior beings? Why will men forget that humility, courtesy and consideration of those less fortunate than themselves are graces of which they might be more justly proud than of the office and authority they hold?

Had I space I could show you the many clever schemes practiced by music fakes. But I may only add that it is a mistake to call every man that plays traps



ARTHUR F. FULLER
Concert Performer [Pianist—Vocalist]

and drums, or blows a horn, or saws away at violin strings, "a musician." To be properly entitled to that name, a person should be competent to teach; should know something of the history of music; should be able to criticize and show plainly why his criticisms are just; should be able to pick a musical composition to pieces and show its weak points; should have therefore knowledge of harmony and musical construction; should have accurate knowledge of musical notation, as well as musical terms, and should be able to perform on some instrument in such manner as would accomplish the expression and excitation of feeling.

It is almost as hard to obtain recognition as to qualify for it. An artist's reputation is usually gained quite as much through skillful engineering, influence and the power of money as to comprehend instruction and apply it. It means the capacity to endure drudgery with unlimited patience in order to achieve an ideal along the chosen line.

Experience counts for much. Often one can learn more in a year's practical work, teaching, than he has gained in five of personal study. And yet, not every one can profit by teaching. Too often it is merely a means of gathering money.

But the greatest musicians are those who have done much with little help from great instructors. A teacher is merely a guide. Much must be worked out by the pupil for himself. The greatest gain in knowledge and ability is through experience, observation, concentration, and the ability to apply to advantage the material thus accrued.

The author enjoyed the instruction of many masters of unexcelled ability. By nature gifted with the capacity to learn. Fourteen years of hard study—from four to twelve hours a day, must bring something worth while as a natural result of effort expended.

A teaching and concert experience of five years is not comparatively long. And yet these years were intensely busy years and my repertoire is excelled by few.

Before my future was blighted by the affliction which has kept me in bondage these many years, I had a choir which numbered one hundred and twenty-five voices. I also had a small orchestra of sixteen pieces, directed both and played the pipe organ at the same time.

Very often local musicians are loath to accord credit due a stranger for fear it will lessen their personal standing in that locality where they have chosen to make a living by their art. Such persons may point out that my instrumental repertoire is not large. It may therefore be proper to say in this regard that the greatest pianists the world has yet seen have a repertoire not to exceed fifty numbers. Most of them have thirty or less.

Moszkowski worked over five years on one of his own compositions (Waltz in E Major) before he considered he had it sufficiently under command to render it in public. If a man must work so hard on something he knew so well how it should be interpreted, how can we expect one to master many compositions of the great masters?

In most Conservatories of Music, the medal is awarded to the pupil who renders best, some certain number. The awards I received were for the uniform excellent rendition of hundreds of numbers.

In the capacity of soloist, director, piano or pipe organ accompanist, I can claim the following:

REPERTOIRE

	Few professionals know more than	
Oratorios	65	5
Such authors as Mendelssohn, Handel, Hayden, Gaul, Spohr, Mercadante, Stainer, Rossini, Mozart, Wagner, etc.		
Operas, Operetta, Cantatas	25	2
such authors as Balfe, Donizetti, Verdi, Sullivan, Stainer, Barnby, Cowen, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Gounod, etc., etc.		
Festival Masses	15	3
Such authors as Mozart, Gounod, Eyre, Gaul, Goss, Stainer, St. Saens, etc., etc.		
Anthems	500	100
Such authors as Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Stainer, Roberts, Hall, Woodward, Shelley, Cruickshank, Florio, Pergolesi, Elvey, Tours, Schnacher, Palestrini, Tallis, etc., etc.		
Magnificat, Nunc Dimitis, Te Deum, etc.	100	25
Such authors as Mann, Field, West, Smart, Lutkin, Buck, etc., etc.		
Pipe Organ Concert Solos	100	60
Such authors as Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, Bach, Wely, Batiste, Dvorak, Dubois, West, Best, Bartlett, Lutkin, Eddy, Mendelssohn, Gounod, Barnby, Buck, Guilmant, etc., etc., etc.		
Piano Recital Number	50	50
Such authors as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Bach, Gounod, Wagner, Mozart, Handel, Greig, Chaminade, Raff, Liszt, Moszkowski, Wollenhaupt, Tausig, etc., etc.		

Vocal Solos, Church and Concert	500	100
Such authors as Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Hayden, Handel, Gounod, Bishop, Tschai-kowsky, Stainer, Marston, Chadwick, Bartless, Nevin, Sullivan, Molloy, Millard, Mascheroni, Bemberg, Buck, Smith, Wagner, Spohr, Pinsuti, etc., etc.		
Vocal Duets	15	5
Such authors as Glover, Stainer, Smart, etc., etc.		

LIST OF GOOD FOLKS WHO HAVE HAD TO DO WITH THE MUSICAL EDUCATION OF ARTHUR F. FULLER

PIANO

With a view to a Concert Pianist

6 Months—Miss Annie Sherman.

Park Avenue, near Paulina Street, Chicago.

14 Months—Miss Matilda Johnston.

Diamond Medallist, with Zeigfeld's Chicago Conservatory of Music. Central Music Hall, Chicago.

PIANO

Accompanying and Teaching

3 Years—Miss Theodora Sturkow.

Professional Accompanist; Accompanist to Thomas Orchestra, Chicago, 396 La Salle Blv'd, Chicago.

PIANO

As Recitalist

4 Years—Allen H. Spencer.

Concert Pianist, Kimball Hall, Chicago; on Staff of American Conservatory of Music, Chicago.

SIGHT-READING, DIRECTORSHIP, INDIVIDUAL AND ENSEMBLE, VOCAL INSTRUCTING, DISCIPLINE, HISTORY

6 Years—Wm. Smedley.

Veteran Choirmaster of the West; educated in England, where are to be found the best Vested Choirs in the World; 50 years practical experience; address these 20 years, Care of St. James Church, Chicago.

2 years—J. Franklin Fuller.

Tenor soloist. If a man's ability may be measured by his success, it will suffice to say that he was invariably successful as an organizer; his Mixed Choirs, and Choral Societies "SUNG" and behaved faultlessly; everything was effective and musicianly.

2 Years—Fletcher Hulet Wheeler.

Steinway Hall, Chicago.

1 year—P. C. Lutkin.

Dean of Music, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

Director of the Mendelssohn Club, (400 Voices) Chicago.

HARMONY

Course—Allen H. Spencer.

Kimball Hall, Chicago.

Course—Hubbard William Harris.

Composer: Critic for Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago; Staff Instructor American Conservatory of Music, Kimball Hall, Chicago.

PIPE ORGAN

Course—Peter Christian Lutkin, A. G. O.

Dean of Music, Northwestern University. Church and Concert Organist.

People who are competent to judge aver that had I retained or regained my health, no position in this country would have been too big for my ability to meet the requirements. I was offered the position of Choirmaster and Organist of St. James—the largest Parish in Chicago. Prior to my affliction, I filled positions at the following churches:

St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Cass and Huron Sts., Chicago.

Eight years, Soloist. One year, Assistant Choirmaster. Rectors: Rev. Dr. John Vibbert, Rev. Floyd W. Thompkins, Rev. E. J. Hopkins, Rev. Dr. James S. Stone.

Holy Nativity Mission Church . . . 815 Grand Avenue, Chicago
One year Organist and Choirmaster. J. J. Smith, Lay-reader.

Onward Presbyterian Church, Leavitt and Ohio Streets, Chicago.
Two years Organist and Choirmaster. (Mixed Choir).
Rev. Phil F. Matzinger, Pastor.

St. John's Mission Church, Clybourne Ave., near Division St. Chicago
One year, Organist and Choirmaster. (Mixed Choir.)
Rev. Irving Spencer, Rev. J. M. French, Rectors.

St. John's Reformed Episcopal Church, 37th St. and Langley Avenue, Chicago.
Six months Organist. Bishop Cheney, Rev. E. J. Thomas, Rector.

St. Paul's Cathedral Fond du Lac, Wis.
One year Choirmaster and Organist. Rt. Rev. Charles Chapman Grafton, Bishop and Rector; Rev. Walter G. Blossom, Rev. Selden P. Delany, Asst. Rectors; Rev. B. Talbot Rogers, Canon, Rev. James Martin Raker, Celebrant and Warden of the Choir School.

Cathedral Choir School Fond du Lac, Wis.
One year Music Master. Rt. Rev. Charles Chapman Grafton, Dean. Rev. James Martin Raker, warden. John Richard Ambrose, Classical Master. R. A. K. Rothermel, Mathematics Instructor.

St. John's Church Kingston-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
One Year, Choirmaster and Organist. Rev. Octavius Applegate, Jr., Rector.

Holy Cross Church Kingston-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
One year, Choirmaster. Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, Rector.

PETER C. LUTHIN
EVANSTON ILL.

August 2, 1915

To whom it may concern

This certifies that Arthur F. Fuller was for years the soloist and leading soprano of St. James' Church, Chicago, where he enjoyed the instruction of Mr. Wm. Smalley - the best known and most successful choir master we have ever had in the West. Mr. Fuller is unusually gifted musically and is well fitted for choir training. He is a sincere Christian and trustworthy in every respect. He has studied organ with me and is well posted in the best church music.

P. C. Luthin,
Dean of the School of Music
Northwestern University
and formerly organist of St. James'
Church, Chicago.

August 1. 1899 - Fond du Lac, Wis.

We are glad to have this opportunity of recommending to you the services of Mr. Arthur Fuller as organist and choirmaster. He has served here in St. Paul's Cathedral for the past year and has given excellent satisfaction. His work at the organ left nothing to be desired, and he displayed great skill and perseverance in developing the choir. As regards his character we can recommend him most highly.

Signed: Eldon T. Orlean, assistant rector

B. J. Rogers, Warden of
Fond du Lac
Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral

Ortry men
of
St. Paul's Cathedral

20 James P. Perry, Senior Warden
St. Paul's Cathedral Parish
Benjamin Wild, Junior Warden
W. R. Potter,
C. W. Henry
E. L. Henry
E. A. Jones
Geo. S. Burrows

Cathedral Choir School,

Fond du Lac, Wis.,

Aug. 8, 1899.

* * * * * I take pleasure in commending Mr. Arthur F. Fuller to you as a young man of excellent character, and as a good organist and choirmaster.

He is especially good in the training of boy's voices, and also in his moral influence over boys, and I am sure that you would find him a faithful and earnest worker.

Very faithfully yours,

James M. Raker.

NATHANIEL WOODSIDE SALLADÉ,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
McKENNA BLOCK,
FOND DU LAC,
WISC.

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, August 12, 1899.

To whom it may concern:

It gives me great pleasure to commend to your notice Mr. Arthur Fuller, who for the past year has occupied the positions of Choir Master and Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral of this city and of Musical Instructor in St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School,

The work required of him was of a difficult nature and it suffices to say that it was accomplished in a most efficient and satisfactory manner.

I heartily recommend him as a man of excellent character and an able organist and musical instructor.

Nathaniel Woodside Salladé
Treasurer of St. Paul's
Cathedral Choir School

To whom it may concern:-

It gives me great pleasure to recommend Mr. Arthur F. Fuller, whom I consider one of the best Organists and Choirmasters I ever met.

He is a thorough musician and understands perfectly every line of his work.

Having been associated with him at St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac, Wis., I feel I can speak with full knowledge of his capabilities.

Bessie Marie Mayham,

Soprano.

To whom it may concern:

This certifies that Mr. Arthur Fuller is a musician of rare excellence, and a fine organist, rapid in sight reading, and has had a thorough and careful training in the direction of surplined choirs by some of the best choir-directors in the country, and I heartily recommend him to any one in need of his services.

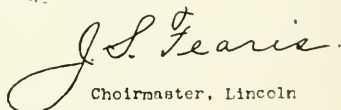
R. Blomquist, Composer, and Director
of Music, Fulton St. M. E. Church, Chicago.

THE J S FEARIS CO.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS AND DEALERS
CHICAGO

To whom it may concern:

I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Arthur Fuller of Chicago, and as teacher of Piano, Organ and sight reading, and performer on said instruments, I am glad to recommend him.

His character is above reproach, and he is an earnest christian, and a young man to command the love and respect of all who know him.



Choirmaster, Lincoln
Park Congregational Church, Chicago.
Staff Composer for McKinley Music Company.

CHAPTER XVI.

One More of the Enemy's Batteries Silenced.

BUT many say, these days, "We do not care what you used to do—it is what you can do now—what you are now, that counts."

So I append some newspaper items regarding concerts I have given from flat of my back. Trusting this reading will not be devoid of interest. The articles are not given in entirety, but merely that which makes some point not brought out by other articles. Neither are all write-ups quoted—only those that say something different.



A clever picture which eliminates evidences of invalidism for those
who like to think of the author as Musician, Composer,
Author, Poet, rather than as a cripple.

The Evening Gazette

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, March 15, 1904.

The spacious parlors of the Lobenstein residence were filled to overflowing last night by the people who came to hear Arthur Fuller give a song and piano recital. Eight of the songs and one of the instrumental numbers were his own compositions. He played with precision and dexterity. His vocal numbers were smoothly rendered, his voice being sweet and true. The applause was enthusiastic, and everyone present was well pleased.

The Advertiser-Gazette

Creston, Iowa, July 15, 1908.

An audience that filled the Methodist Church to the doors, last night heard Arthur Fuller sing and play. Lying on his wheel-cot, he played the piano, and sang in a beautiful mellow baritone, the solo, "I Could Not Do Without Thee." At its close the audience was largely in tears. The quality of his voice, which, though soft and sweet, sounded through the entire church, bespoke fully the reputation as a singer which Mr. Fuller once enjoyed. It seems marvelous that a man who cannot read a line of print and cannot live except in a reclining position, could play and sing so sweetly. After the service great crowds of people came forward to express their appreciation of his rendition.

The Red Oak Express

Red Oak, Iowa, August 27, 1908.

* * * His singing evidenced high cultivation and richness of voice. * * * *

The Red Oak Sun

Red Oak, Iowa, August 28, 1908.

A large audience assembled in the Presbyterian Church last Monday evening to hear the Concert given by Arthur Fuller. It is seldom we see an audience so highly pleased. His rich, cultivated voice, under perfect control, especially captivated the audience. One instrumental and three vocal numbers were his own compositions.

Houston Chronicle

Houston, Texas, May 2, 1909.

It is not too much to say that the Arthur Fuller Concert on Thursday evening was one of the most remarkable entertainments ever given in Houston. As Mr. Fuller lay on his wheeled couch by the piano, his fingers moved over the keys with the assurance and delicacy of technique. "Concert Etude" by Whiting, and Handel's "Largo," especially, were played with incredible force and authority, and each one of his own compositions in which sentiment and pathos of true musical origin, found expression. His sweet, smooth, round, musical baritone voice filled the hall. The audience evidenced keenest appreciation and sympathy.

The Higgins Independent

Higgins, Texas, July 16, 1909.

* * * The interest of the audience was great from the first, as they watched his slender fingers play over the keys, or listened to his sweet, well-trained voice. Although he is compelled to play while lying on his back, he played very precisely, with much expression and splendid technique. The first number, an Improviso, sweet in melody and perfect in harmony, revealed the true artist. Few present-day pianists are able to give such a rare treat to an audience. All the piano numbers were well rendered. The "Rustic Wedding March" and "Largo" showed the musician's ability to render both the airy, dainty, delicate and the deep, dramatic numbers with equal art.

Although the audience was charmed with his piano work, it was more pleased with his voice. It is a sweet, delicate baritone, yet he sang with such perfect enunciation that the words were easily heard to the rear end of the hall. His intonation was true, and notwithstanding his position, he sang with perfect ease. In "The Heart Bowed Down," when the piano was silent, as his voice rose with a gradual crescendo, then fell in clear, sweet tones, the audience seemed to almost hold its breath, for fear of missing a tone. Two of the vocal numbers were his own compositions. The "Song to a Sojourner" was especially pleasing, both in composition and rendition.

The Star Journal

Pueblo, Colorado, October 6, 1909.

The piano and voice recital given last night at the First Methodist Church by Arthur F. Fuller, was enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The musicians present could best understand the great difficulties conquered so well and so bravely.

Mr. Fuller's performance was in many ways remarkable, showing the triumph of will over stupendous difficulties. He played from memory, standard and classic numbers, the notes of which he has not seen for fifteen years. This in itself is wonderful. The trying physical feat of playing while on his back was a revelation to the audience.

Mr. Fuller has a pleasing and sympathetic voice and his compositions were particularly well received.

The Light and Gazette

San Antonio, Texas, February 16, 1910.

The Arthur Fuller recital which took place at the Grand Opera House Thursday night was a magnificent success from an artistic standpoint. His numbers were all enthusiastically received and he responded with a number of encores in a most pleasing and artistic manner. His rendering of the classics was a happy surprise to his audience. Owing to his affliction, having lain on his back ten years, the success of his performance won him scores of friends among the best people in San Antonio. His audience numbered over 1000.

Markay's Weekly

San Antonio, Texas, February 18, 1910.

* * * In Arthur F. Fuller, our invalid musician, we all have recognized one of God's own heroes. At his Concert at the Grand Opera House, Feb. 10th, he did as remarkable a thing as is being done by any musician in the world today. He played a long and taxing program, wonderfully accurate technically. * * His voice is of beautiful quality—a baritone, especially lovely in the upper register.

EXCERPTS BELOW REFER TO SECOND CONCERT.

The Light and Gazette

San Antonio, Texas, April 13, 1910.

Some of those who attended expected to hear in Fuller a music-fakir, who would do his best, depending upon sympathy to cover up glaring deficiencies. But he quickly proved himself to be a musician of able equipment. His tone production and enunciation were faultless, the timbre beautiful, and there was no room for disappointment as to resonance and volume. He sang with much feeling and that understanding which marks the work of one fitted for concert performances by natural gift, abundant culture large experience and whole-souled love of musical art. His piano solos were no less artistically rendered, and evoked hearty applause.

Markay's Weekly

San Antonio, Texas, April 16, 1910.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Fuller both as singer and pianist. When one knows what it means to play intelligently with everything favorable, we can appreciate that it requires almost superhuman effort to accomplish what he does. His tone is wonderfully sweet and his technic is remarkably clean. The strong personality of the man shows in all that he does, proving that he is big enough to rise above almost insurmountable obstacles. He has a sweet, beautiful baritone voice, and he sang with such intelligence and pathos that, as we sat and listened and realized what he could have accomplished in health, it was hard to keep back the tears. He was recalled many times and responded with his own compositions. He was among his friends, as was manifested by the ovation he received when he appeared on the platform. His cot was covered with flowers as he was wheeled off the stage.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Crucial Conflict.

FEW people are so fortunate as to entirely escape taint of hypochondriasis. But a man of anywhere near normal mind is more anxious to get well than to obtain an awe-inspiring diagnosis.

In the first years of my affliction, I had such profound awe for the "great doctor," looking upon him as something superhuman, I listened in silent admiration and implicit confidence, to the supposedly absolute wisdom of this wonderful oracle, and never dared to hold an opinion of my own, nor ask a question that was avoidable. But when I got bold enough to dare to ask for a diagnosis, the answer was usually something like this:

"Why you have a nervous trouble." Then he would dodge off upon a consideration of my heredity, environment, worry and overwork, and by expressions of sympathy, induce me to forget the matter I was anxious to have frankly and definitely explained.

Later on when I had still further overcome natural timidity, and asked with some seriousness, the reply would be something like this:

"I do not care to commit myself. But I am satisfied that I understand your case perfectly, and am thoroughly equipped to advise and prescribe for you."

I have been examined and prescribed for by 120 different doctors, some of them having national reputations. I have endeavored to say for myself that I am and have long been in a bad fix—a condition of physical inability. But there are many people who feel about such matters as did the Irishman who said: "Lay still Mike—the doctor says you're dead, and he ought to know better than you!" Hence it may be well to give a few diagnoses so that it may be known that doctors have defended my claims by their opinions.

The first definite diagnosis I can recall was by Dr. E. J. Basset, 90 Adams St., Chicago. He called it, "AN ADVANCED CASE OF SPINAL NEURASTHENIA." Physicians who later attended me did not appear to find any fault with that diagnosis.

The following in order:

Dr. T. F. Mayham, 406 Main St., Fond du Lac, Wis.: "Fuller's case may not be so easily handled. My opinion is that he is afflicted with SPINAL trouble—Tabes—LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA."

Dr. R. A. Palmer, 546 Main St., Fond du Lac, Wis.: "Looks like SCLEROSIS."

Dr. L. C. Gottschalk, Ashland and Diversey Boulevards, Chicago: "Your trouble is largely due to the SPINE."

Staff of Physicians, Nerve Force Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.: "This is evidently a case of PROGRESSIVE PARALYSIS."

Dr. J. H. Greer, President of Harvard Medical College, Chicago, and Professor of Genito-Urinary diseases, College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, and lecturer at several medical colleges: "This condition is called TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS."

Dr. M. Olson, 1126 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago. (Recently from active practice in noted Sanitariums in Norway and Sweden, with the foremost neurologists of the day.):

"I perceive that your brain is normal. Such mental symptoms as you have experienced were due to your general condition. Your judgment is sound and will-power above the average. It is not difficult, however, to recognize the disturbance of the vaso-motor system. The attacks of spinal pain and contractions, together with HYPERÆSTHESIA and MYASTHENIA are due to NEUROTOXINES quite as much as to heredity, overwork or anything else."

Dr. F. H. Harris, Kalamazoo, Mich.: "Your trouble is due entirely to the central nervous system—spinal cord and cerebellum. I diagnose your case as CEREBRO-SPINAL-ASTHENIA."

It is not easy for a conscientious diagnostician to keep the important points in mind in a complicated case such as mine. But fixing upon a name would not change or improve the condition. The main principles are by no means difficult to gather. I give these diagnoses however, that endless and useless questioning may be avoided.

Dr. S. M. Langworthy, spinal specialist (Chiropractic) President American Ass'n. Chiropractors, President and Founder American College Chiropractic, Cedar Rap-

ids, Iowa: "Your condition is due largely, perhaps wholly, to the SPINE. The vertebral situation is too complicated to admit of description in a single term. * * * I am glad to have you say that I have benefited you more than anyone who has ever treated you. But I wish with all my heart that I might have done more for you."

Dr. A. Meyerdick, City Dispensary, St. Louis, Mo.: "I would diagnose this man's trouble as SPINAL NEUROSIS."

Dr. C. H. Hughes, Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases, Barnes Medical College, St. Louis, Mo.: "We term this condition ASTASIA."

Dr. J. F. Bailey, Osteopath, St. Louis, Mo.: "You say that you have had treatment from several Osteopaths. They have doubtless acquainted you with our theory that perfect anatomical adjustment is essential to health. There is no single term that would describe your complicated SPINAL condition. But I fancy you will have to content yourself with your present state of health, unless success is obtained in correcting the mal-adjustment of your spine."

Prof. M. F. Knox, sometime Professor of Nervous Diseases in certain colleges in Illinois; later Founder and President American College of Mental Science, Bryn Mawr, Seattle, Wash.: "Your condition is due to wasting of the cerebellum—TABES CEREBELLI."

Dr. M. W. Hoge, Professor of Neurology at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.: "This is a very interesting case. I have never seen but one which was at all similar to it. We term this condition CEREBRO-SPINAL-ASTHENIA."

Dr. A. C. Duncan, in his Sanatorium at Hammond, Ind., said: "I am a graduate from the Colleges of five different systems of drugless healing including Osteopathy and Chiropractic. My observations of many cases lead me to the conclusion that yours is a case of ANTERIOR-POLIO-MYELITIS. You may be benefitted somewhat, but will never be cured."

Dr. Jas. M. Rainey, specialist in nervous diseases, 152 Lake St., Chicago: "No doubt you already know from what disease you are suffering—SPINAL SCLEROSIS."

Dr. J. J. Davis, Practicing Physician, Higgins, Texas, about June, 1909:

"To make a long story short, your condition has never been accurately diagnosed. However, the different diagnoses which you have named, mean practically the same thing. To obtain an absolute diagnosis, would require a great deal of time, a considerable period of observation, and elaborate experiments, principally of an electrical nature. When it should be obtained you would have NOTHING, except another long name to carry around with you. The diagnoses you already have are sufficient to cover all practical needs. The criticism, which you say some doctors have made regarding the physicians who treated you in the early stages of your trouble, accusing them of having blundered around through failure to foresee the prognosis, is unjust. Even if they could have known just what your condition would be, so many years hence, and as I find you on this day and date, they would have been powerless to have rendered better service."

We sometimes find that those who we would naturally suppose would have accurate knowledge of a certain subject have been so hampered by prejudice that they are quite in the dark as to its real character and worth. When questioned, they cover their ignorance by condemnation. There are those who entertain nothing but contempt for Chiropractic and there are others who think there is something in it.

Biology says: "The radiation of nerve stimulus through organized channels is the cause of all animation." Dr. Carver, in his book, "The Analysis of Chiropractic," says: "The occlusion of nerve stimulus is the cause of all functional abnormality." Those who speak lightly of Chiropractic might use their breath and time to better advantage by a deeper and an unbiased investigation of its teachings and the results which have been attained by their application.

I have been treated by 12 Chiropractors in several States, by graduates of the most important Schools. Dr. Carver, President of the Carver School of Chiropractic, 521 W. 9th St., Oklahoma City, Okla., is claimed to be the ablest Diagnostician in the Chiropractic world. At the urgent request of many friends in different localities, I embraced the opportunity of obtaining his opinion. His statement is given below:

“Oklahoma City, Okla., Oct. 20, 1914.

“I examined the case of Mr. A. F. Fuller of Fort Worth, Texas, and find his osseous analysis to be as follows:

“The primary displacement is a gravely inferior one of the sacrum, being dropped deeply into the pelvic cavity impinging upon that portion of the cauda equina that extends through the sacrum and placing heavy traction upon the fourth and fifth lumbar and all of the sacral trunks. The occlusions resulting from this displacement affect all of the lower abdominal and pelvic viscera and especially the skeletal muscles of the thighs, legs and feet with especial gravity from the knees down. The traction produced on the gangliated cords and lumbosacral plexus by the displacement as indicated produces grave irritation which affects all of the motor reactive centers superior to the injury, being the dorso-lumbar center, the sixth dorsal center, the base of the neck and at the base of the skull. The phases of abnormality caused by these occlusions affect respiration, heart, liver and the alimentary canal generally, the symptoms of which are too multitudinous for enumeration.

“The displacement was caused by a fall, from a barn roof, patient striking in such manner as to throw the force from the column obliquely through the sacrum, gravely subluxating the whole sacro-illiac articulation. At the same time the shock produced a gravely left lateral rotated displacement of the atlas. The occlusions resulting from this part of the injury more particularly affect the eyes, ears, throat and heart.

“The injury is of such long standing and the tissues have so completely degenerated that I would not prognose a recovery, and yet I would recommend that the proper application of the principles of Chiropractic to this case would very materially improve all of the functional operations of the viscera, and would greatly improve the use of the arms and hands and should greatly benefit the muscles of the neck and thorax. The heart symptoms should be practically dissipated.

“Trusting this diagnosis may be of material aid to you and wishing you every success,

DR. WILLARD CARVER.”

Now, please do not come to me and ask which of these diagnoses is the correct one. I am anxious to get away from all thoughts of my present and past diseased condition. My trouble appears to be a failure or inability of the central nervous system—cerebellum and spinal cord—to generate sufficient nervous force to operate the functions of the body and enable manual effort and normal activity. In the foregoing pages are to be found The facts regarding my condition and its development. YOU can NAME it to suit yourself.

Now, I could publish a nice assortment of testimonial letters, but I fear it would be impossible to make evidences strong enough to cause everybody to become a positive champion on my behalf. The day after I have delivered a strong and convincing testimonial, an old or new acquaintance of the patron might come along and say: "Do not do anything for Fuller. I know it to be a fact that he is a fake—that he is not really afflicted—and furthermore that he has thousands of dollars in the bank as well as lots of property that is earning him money. He is most unworthy." And I doubt if the patron would have stamina enough, manhood enough, love of justice enough to tell the speaker that he is a coward and a liar. And that, furthermore, even if Fuller **did** own much, he still has the right to earn a living and pursue happiness—make money if he could honorably do so.

And the pity of it all is that even if a bystander were good enough to defend me and bring witnesses to prove that the knocker had said such things, and I should have the matter brought to court, the accuser could say he was only joking, that he did not mean any harm, or that he was drunk—and the case would be dismissed. Or even if he could not squeeze out that way, I could only get judgment for damages—I would be asked how much did this remark injure my business—simply fooled me out of a 25 cent sale perhaps.

But if the accuser were a real somebody and had any money, if any lover of a square deal would only be fair enough to call the accuser's bluff and make him write it, paint it or print it to his own signature, and bring it to me, I would then show folks that I am not a dog, not a humbug, not a liar—but as I represent. And furthermore, suit for libel or defamation of character, is something that offers a chance for remuneration for effort ex-

pended in a scrap, provided that the accuser has any money—is worth whipping, in other words.

So, then, I repeat, I am not looking for **friends**, but **customers**. I have found many in the past who have bought my books, taken up time and strength I could not easily spare by talking to me on the streets, or come to visit me at my room and show their "interest" by asking a lot of questions that were absolutely none of their business, but when I had been to the trouble of pleasing them and satisfying their probings, submitted to their impertinence, gratified their curiosity, put up with the bore of their visits, and seemed to have won for myself a right cozy place in their hearts:

Here comes some bum that never earned an honest dollar in his life, or did a fair day's work in exchange for the remuneration paid him for service, or some other somebody or nobody, and whispers a bit of truck—and behold! my **good friend** gets wobbly in his knees, succumbs to a persistent attack of tongue-tie, figuratively has a serious case of apoplexy, his eyes bulge out, his tongue lolls out of his loose mouth, his excuse of moral backbone becomes very flabby, and the knocker holds the floor.

So, PLEASE bear in mind that I ask no charity in any way, shape or manner. Simply justice and common business courtesy. I expect only that degree of niceness and decency as may seem becoming to those with whom I come in contact. My God and one or two mortals are about all that I feel are likely to be true to me, and I expect to be about four times as happy as those whose small souls reach out eternally for the least amount of responsibility but the greatest amount of credit and reward.

The giving of Concerts from flat of my back previously referred to in this book—is the only thing I have ever found whereby I could actually make more than expenses. Even then many favorable circumstances must exist which are not always to be found. However, by this means I succeeded in getting together a Health Fund. I wanted to create the opportunity to try out a few things in the line of treatment which had not been fully tested.

Following out my plan, I reported for treatment Dr. H. A. Womble, in his office in the Hicks Bldg., San

Antonio. He is a Specialist in Chronic diseases and uses Electricity largely. He said:

"Electricity is the best agent for use in your case. Originally you had MYELITIS. Your present condition is PARAPLEGIA from that cause. Unless other complications set in, you are likely to live many years and enjoy a fair degree of comfort."

The treatment brought no benefit. After some correspondence, I proceeded to Chicago where my old friend Dr. J. H. Greer performed an operation upon me. But little benefit resulted. I proceeded to Philadelphia where I entered the Mt. Vernon Sanatorium for a four months course of treatment. Dr. Wm. Stiles was the Consulting Physician and pronounced my condition Akinnesia from Myelitis and said the prognosis was doubtful but recommended that the treatment in vogue at the Sanatorium be faithfully tried. This was done but no benefit resulted.

I proceeded to New York. Went to Bellevue Hospital and asked for Dr. Bishop to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was busy so I learned from his assistant that the greatest Neurologist in their opinion was Dr. J. Ramsay Hunt who was formerly Head Professor at Bellevue and was now Chief at Cornell University Medical College just across the street.

Dr. Hunt is a very busy man and some difficulty was experienced securing an appointment. He proved to be very careful, painstaking and gentle. After a thorough examination lasting about three hours, he completed his "diagram" of the case and delivered himself as follows:

"Making due allowance for certain possibilities, I have nevertheless brought out specific points which are to my mind conclusive and final. I attach importance to the facts that your mother was insane and that her relatives were short-lived and therefore of poor constitution, that on your father's side, nervous disease ran in the family; but more especially to the fact that your father was never able to walk more than six or eight blocks at any time since your birth, until his death from the same trouble with which you are afflicted.

"These points in connection with dim and blurred vision, diplopia, Argyle-Robinson pupil, vertigo, lapses of consciousness, disappearance of vision, contracted sphincters, variation between hyperaesthesia and

anaesthesia, hyperalgia, pains in the limbs, and spine, loss of power in the lower limbs, and other specific symptoms, furnish the basis for my opinion that your affliction is FRIEDRICH'S ATAXIA.

"I believe your brain is healthy. The disease is incurable, but the worst suffering is over. You will be conscious and in your right mind to the very last. With proper care and attention and appropriate measures you may live a number of years. I will give you a tabulation of my ideas along that line, for the guidance of physicians who may be called from time to time to furnish you such relief as can be afforded."

Of course the other doctors who have examined or treated me have agreed with some diagnosis quoted. Possibly some of the differenciation was due to the fact that my condition in certain details, is different at some times than at others. As before stated, I give the diagnoses so that people may know that I am not a fake or an impostor and that everything has been done for me that could be done.

Were I well and strong, having for handicap only the lack of the ability to walk, I could no doubt get a position on a Vaudeville Circuit or could give concerts frequently enough to make street work unnecessary. But, as it takes from one day to several weeks to recover from a few hours' musical indulgence, such things are beyond me.

Sometimes acquaintances, who have taken quite an interest in me feel that I ought to offer or consent to entertain them by singing and playing the piano for them. But, aside from the suffering involved, I would not care to make a practice of such performances. The musical profession is the poorest paid of all. This is due in part to the habit of many who have real musical ability of "peddling" their talents free. What is not paid for is not appreciated. A doctor does not put in more years of study and endeavor than a musician, yet a medical man often gets as much as a fee for consultation as a singer gets for much more work. Often \$500.00 to \$5,000.00 is paid a surgeon for an operation requiring no greater skill and much less time than is used by a musician for his efforts. True, some musicians do get paid well for their years of study and the exercise of their talent, but not nearly as many have that experience as there are doctors. A musician spends years working up a recital pro-

gram and feels pretty well paid if he gets \$2,000.00 a year out of it, yet a lawyer often gets a fee of \$50,000.00 for a case that takes only a few months.

Recently in the New York Journal there was an account of a certain beautiful young lady who has achieved success with the Metropolitan Opera Company, both in this country and in Europe, who vehemently averred that the common run of people did not know art when they hear it. At the close of her engagement, she dressed in the garb of an Italian street musician and sang on Broadway to the parade of people on their way home from the day's work or business. She received no more attention than anyone else would have—no more than a Salvation Army singer, because people did not know who she was. Music, art, requires a label. "This is a horse." "This is a brook," or a similar label. People do not of themselves know true tone quality—true art—when they hear it. The "authorities" have to label it before anyone knows whether or not it is good. Some times the critics are only bluffers who know little more than those who look up to them for an opinion. It is not always the good goods that **get the money**—and that is all that counts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bush-whacking Sharp-Shooters.

LET it be understood then, that I give the various diagnoses not because I desire to cast befouling aspersions upon the medical profession, but because many people prefer to ignore what I say of myself and insist on having something definite from the doctors.

A diagnostician judges of a patient's condition by the symptoms which are classified as subjective and objective. The examination then, is both physical and oral. In cases of mental troubles, the patient's conduct is inquired into of his family or friends or those in attendance.

A doctor is required to hold a license to practice from the State in which he would pursue his chosen profession. To obtain this, he is required to pass a rigid examination by the State Board of Medical Examiners,

which consists of college professors of highest standing in the entire State. This means for instance, that a doctor who graduated from a medical college of repute in Texas and held a License in that State could not go to California and practice there without also obtaining the same sort of a document from the State into which he desired to move.

A doctor, like a teacher, is likely to "get rusty" on anatomy, or histology, or in some detail connected with his work, calling for technical terms not rehearsed every day in straight, legitimate practice, as such are seldom essential outside of the class room or clinic.

A certain doctor emigrated to Pennsylvania from another State and was required to appear before the Medical Board before being allowed to practice. He had had forty years' successful practice and felt more qualified to alleviate the sufferings of humanity than the younger men who sat in judgment.

The old doctor was asked, "What are symptoms?" The book definition fled from him. Failure seemed imminent. The harder he tried to think, the fewer his ideas became. Finally he blurted out, "Symptoms are the packs of damned lies our patients tell us."

The entire Board laughed. "Correct," bawled out the President. The old doctor was granted a license.

This is one of the thousands of little stories the doctors tell among themselves and which seldom get to the public. I give it because I love to laugh and hope it will amuse the reader of these pages. Also to bring out the point that it is not wise to go to a physician with your heart on your sleeve, expecting understanding, sympathy and help, because it MAY not be forthcoming.

There are among the medical profession men who are noble, conscientious, honest and earnest—who are in the work for the good they can do suffering humanity. But, sad to relate, there is a big percentage of them who are brutal, unfeeling charlatans, without God in the world, who are in the business for the same business that a butcher follows the meat trade—because he likes it. The art of carving appeals to him and it is a business which PAYS.

Many think they can indulge inordinate appetites and when they get sick, all they have to do is go to a doctor and be made all over again if necessary. Let all who read this be warned and live in a sanitary manner,

paying heed to the laws of nature, for when disease fastens itself upon the body, then "Vain is the help of man."

The only absolute diagnosis is postmortem. Doctors cannot tell where you are sinking to, but can only tell you the destination when you have arrived. Organic disease is incurable. Functional disease is the fore-runner of organic, although it MAY be cured while it is yet functional, by appropriate measures, especially if the cause be ascertained and removed.

There are many conditions which the doctors do not understand. Failing to find any objective symptoms, the only way open is to perform an unnecessary operation or call the patient a hypochondriac—one who imagines he is sick. It is certain an effect can not exist without a cause, but often the cause is not in plain view.

There are many diseases which have certain, usual symptoms. Yet the best medical authorities admit that many or all of them may not be present nor any indication appear until too late to avert the patient's demise—until near the end of his journey.

By death bereft of friends and home I have had to make a living by selling on the streets. This has exposed me to much skepticism and suspicion. Many times some man has come along and examined the soles of my shoes to see if they were worn, felt of my limbs and pulse without a word of "by your leave."

When a soldier is having his heart examined he is called upon to run around the gymnasium course and stop in front of the doctor who then listens to his heart. When a patient has not heart action enough to keep him alive when at rest, he does not last long. In most cases which are not the result of mental causes, self-hypnotism, dwelling upon baseless apprehensions which are the direct cause of congestion and imperfect functioning, the symptoms are worse at night.

In my case my pulse is often strong, full, bounding, and my heart behaves pretty well as long as it has nothing to do. But when I talk awhile, I get numb and my pulse fades to the diameter of a thread, whereas it had been as big as a goose quill. If I lie on either side it will entirely or nearly disappear from the wrist. Other times it seems to improve with exertion, but shows the lack of real vitality and capacity behind it by its failure to do as well next time. Instead it becomes very erratic, wob-

bling dreadfully in the night, and acts so feebly, dizziness and faintness result, which continue many days thereafter. For these reasons I could not operate a crank wheel chair, as many suggest.

The fair minded, thoughtful man would realize he did not know what the pulse was like an hour previous, nor what it would be an hour later, nor what it would be after exertion. But if he was very sure from the fact that my heart was not intermitting at the moment he felt the pulse, that it never had and never would, he might want to ask some doctor if I were not an impostor. If the doctor asked a few questions and was one of those who think as the old man did about patient's subjective symptoms being "packs of damned lies," I would probably be convicted of everything shameful without further parley.

Yet when my heart is bad, to raise my voice or take a swallow of water, will cause it to falter—will cause such experiences as would convince the most skeptical very shortly were they to experience the like. For the pulsations will drop from 20 to 40 degrees, occasioning dizziness, faintness, smothering.

Pain never has been visible. But who has ever found a comfortable place to have one? Except by substituting an i for the e, transposing and putting the result into a window frame. Pain and weakness must therefore remain forever subjective symptoms and will always admit of question if not suspicion regarding the patient's veracity, judgment and sanity until the cause has progressed far enough to cause visible changes. Fortunately the cause is not always obscure.

Some doctors have called my heart trouble "TACHYCARDIA." Others have termed it "Chronic Uric Acid CARDIAC NEURALGIA." Still others called it "CARDIACASTHENIA." Later it was called "ANGINA PECTORIS." Another doctor called it "AORTIC INCOMPETANCY." Still another called it "CARDIAC PROLAPSUS."

Dr. Martin of Chicago said:

"I am quite disgusted with the average doctor and his methods. Nature is too slightly regarded. I recently took a course of medicine which brings us back to first principles and eschews poisonous drugs altogether. We need more water, more common-sense, more knowledge

of how to help the body, more out-door air, and less mysticism about disease and its treatment.

“If you were 20 years older, there would be no doubt as to your heart trouble. Everybody would know it was **ARTERIAL SCLEROSIS**. But as you are a young man, the doctors don’t know what to call it. They have to cover up what they don’t know by dodging the issue with the help of funny stories.”

My eye trouble is either of constitutional or spinal origin, more than visual. Hence it should not seem surprising that the many pairs of glasses I have had, having been fitted by eminent oculists, opticians, optometrists and ophthalmologists, have not relieved the situation in the slightest degree. Of course there is some astigmatism, and traces of an old **RETINITIS** are revealed by the ophthalmoscope, but these are more than likely the result of insufficient nervous energy and blood supply.

I do not aver that all my troubles have come from the spine, but many things would seem to indicate that injury to the spinal column and thus to the spinal cord, are the cause of all my woes. But some doctors claim heredity is the real cause and that the falls I have had merely brought the inherent troubles to a focus at that time. Yet it is known that many diseases come about without such a history and still are not epidemic or contagious. There is much in Pathology that is purely guesswork and circumstantial. And in any case, the discovery of the cause of disease, does not include, is not accompanied with perfect ability to alleviate the results.

In Los Angeles, I thought it might be advisable to obtain a few testimonial letters. I had many friends who were doctors and had been treated by a number of them. However I needed one more name to fill up the letter, so asked Dr. Cook to sign it. She said: “Certainly. But if I do you that favor will you do me one? For my own personal satisfaction and for the benefit I can render others through what I can learn and deduce, I should like very much to examine you.” An appointment was arranged. She came to my room and made a thorough examination, after which she said:

“Why you poor boy. The wonder is not that you are down, but that you are alive. This depressed sternum may be from your fall or may be congenital—I rather think the former. It is sufficient in itself to cause heart trouble because your heart cannot possibly have

any where near enough room. You say you have not had an apex beat in many years, and it is no wonder.

"I find two broken ribs, but cannot locate the ends. They are like as not sticking in your liver which may have been the cause of the liver trouble. You are bound to have pain here when they get pressure. There is no reason why you should not have died many years ago, and little excuse for there still being any life in your body. It is as clear as day that this is a case of 'Kept by the power of God.' The Almighty must have some deep purpose in keeping you alive, else He would have called you to your long Home or healed you before this. See that you keep close to Him, and 'some day, some time, we'll understand.' "

CHAPTER XIX.

Overtures for Peace.

Friday morning, November 6th, 1914, I attended the clinic for Nervous Diseases at St. Anthony's Hospital, Oklahoma City, conducted by Dr. C. J. Fishman, Neurologist for the Oklahoma University Medical College, in compliance with his personal request. I was undressed and examined before the class of students. It is to be regretted that we have not space to give his excellent lecture in full, but will have to content ourselves with points he made which have not been elaborated elsewhere in this book.

Dr. Fishman's findings were such as caused him to remark: "Thus far I agree with those who have pronounced this case Freidrich's. My decision will rest upon the next experiment. If there is capella reflex we will know it is Multiple Sclerosis. If it is absent the case is obviously Freidrich's Ataxia."

On examining my eyes Dr. Fishman found one pupil slightly larger than the other—which is a common condition in several nervous diseases. The eyes appeared to accommodate to light and distance fairly well. He found capella reflex. He did not try the elbows. This is the first time in many years reflex has been present. Dr. D. E. McCarty, M. D. Osteopath, Chiropractic and Spondylo-therapist, of El Reno, examined my eyes six hours

later and found them lacking power of accommodation. This does not show that either doctor was wrong, but simply proves what has been stated elsewhere that my condition is peculiar, fluctuating between tension and relaxation, hyperaesthesia and anaesthesia.

This brought to mind a few details that occurred years ago when I first began to notice failing capacity which caused me to report to the West Side Hospital, Chicago, for treatment. The doctors there found my accommodation so far lacking, that in order to enable me to hold my position they gave me an eye-salve to enable me to see. These ointments as experimentally prepared, contained at different times, atropine, dubosia, or belladonna. Its object was to keep the pupils dilated to discount pupillary interference and enable maximum eye power. Prisms were also used in effort to overcome diplopia.

Since, accommodation and visual powers are not to be depended upon. The power of accommodation is seldom present. Disappearance of vision is only a matter of a few moments or seconds, always. When I have had rest, happened to sleep well and am at my best, my vision is pretty sharp. A little use of the eyes makes everything blurred, foggy, misty. When physically weary, I often cannot see across a room to recognize features. Use of the eyes makes the outlines of buildings look ragged as if they were tottering. Later, I only see half of the object looked upon—perhaps the right side will be clear and the left blank. Again, things seem “cob-webby.” Or the horizon has an appearance as if obstructed by swarms of gnats; again there will be a blank spot straight ahead, while on the sides everything is distinct. Glasses do not help.

Too much importance should not be attached to reflexes. I have been without elbow reflex for years, yet have had pretty good use of my arms. Dr. M. W. Hoge of Washington Medical College, St. Louis, found no reflexes. Those not initiated into medical lore can be amused by an experiment showing reflex action. Simply sit on the edge of a chair and raise the heel of the foot. Involuntary vibration will result. Pressure on the ball of the foot of a person reeling will produce the same result if properly done. The jumping or tremor should continue as long as the position is maintained. Dr. Hoge tried for this evidence of spinal health and found only

pseudo-clonic. That is, the action ceased after two or three spasmodic efforts, showing that the nerve centers did not receive energy fast enough to function, proving cell debility.

Furthermore, examination at another time would have shown no reflex action. It is found only in company with other symptoms experienced upon special nervous irritation, such as sleeplessness and genital phenomena. Abstracted attention—exclusion of the action of the conscious mind—would leave the body minus this pseudo-manifestation.

Dr. Fishman had his students feel of my limbs. As I am 75 pounds lighter than I ought to be, I am not what could be termed "fat." He observed:

"In the examination of a patient, it should be remembered that there is an atrophy from disuse as well as from nervous disease. In the former case the muscles may be withered, but are hard, firm. In the case of atrophy from nervous disease the flesh is flacid, flabby, as in the case of this subject."

Those who feel of my limbs on the streets should know that I wear two suits of heavy wool underwear and two pair of socks all the year, in addition to heavy wool outer garments. Also that I have had massage and vibration, the free use of oils, such as cotton-seed oil, linseed oil, cocoanut-butter-oil, cocoa butter, vaseline and olive oil for some years, which might make a difference in the "feel" and size of my body. I am five feet eleven and one-half inches in height and weigh about 115 pounds.

Often someone who has a smattering of information about nervous diseases will ask if I have to use a catheter? When I reply I have not used one except rectally for high enemas, he expresses contempt for my representations. Such persons cannot be aware that there is only a thin partition between the rectum and prostate gland which surrounds the neck of the bladder. Vessicular contraction can be relieved by relaxing medicines introduced into the rectum. Also by the direct application of digit stimulation through the rectum as well as over the pubic bone, will generally accomplish evacuation of the bladder. To this end rectal dilation is a practice which cannot be too highly recommended and has been in daily practice with the author for many years.

When over tired, I experience difficulty in articulation and swallowing—a tendency to strangle—which

would seem to indicate some embarrassment of the medulla. My tongue is usually trembly as are my hands when I am at all fatigued.

It is hoped no one will fancy these statements are made as an effort to convince anyone that the writer is afflicted with locomotor ataxia, Freidrich's ataxia, sclerosis, paraplegia, Landry's palsy, mange, epizootic or the pipp. Its object is to show why the author can look anyone straight in the eye and say: "I have been down many years—unable to walk, sit, use my eyes to any considerable extent or exert in any way. I have done all for myself that a human could have done. Everything has been done for me along medical and surgical lines that could be recommended by the brightest, cleverest men in that line of work, but without appreciable benefit."

Gold, silver, copper, nickel, iron, zinc, lead, potash, soda, lime, aluminum, manganese, phosphorus, raw fresh blood, oils, extracts from living animals and the vegetable world, as well as many inventions have been employed without help—unless it be that their use has prolonged my life.

I have not had bed sores but have had pus pockets. My skin is fairly healthy, except that the surface is usually cool. Profuse perspiration results from the application of heat, before the body becomes warm. Numerous warty growths and moles, as well as little red spots like blood blisters on my body, are all that would indicate the presence of any disease, so far as the skin is concerned.

On a street corner in Tulsa, Okla., may be seen a man who has been in a wheel chair thirty years. His name is A. R. Gregg and he resides at 515 E. 3rd St. His bowels and bladder are not paralyzed and he is physically strong and a perfect man in every way. But thirty years ago a horse kicked him in the back. Since then, his limbs will not support him enough to enable him to walk. He has perfect sensation and can move his legs, which are not wasted or cold. He weighs close to 200 pounds. He spent \$2000 trying to get a cure and then decided that treatment was useless.

There is another man in Tulsa who has been unable to walk for fifteen years. He also has sensation, is constitutionally in good health, and his bladder and bowels are normal. He is the call clerk for the Hasty Messenger Service and sits at a desk all day. His history is simply

that he went to bed one night feeling all right but awoke next morning to find he could not move his limbs. He has not been able to move them since. His limbs are not wasted nor particularly susceptible to cold.

So you see, dear reader, there are a few cases even more peculiar than mine.

* * * * *

In Los Angeles a lady came along one day and said:

"I have just returned from Germany where I have been taking special courses in Medicine following my graduation from the best Institutions of Medicine in this country. I want to do you good. I have heard of you, but you do not know me, which does not matter. If you will have them, I wish to give you some prescriptions which I am confident will benefit you."

"I will be very glad to get help," I replied.

"I can see by your eyes that you have NEPHRITIS—Bright's Disease. Your kidneys must have been gradually breaking for years. Some of your symptoms are the results of poisonous gases arising from debris which should be expelled from the system."

I received her suggestions but received no benefit from the medicines. The ache across the kidneys continued at intervals as before. As formerly, for many years, my urine continued more foul than feces, floeculent, fleecy, opaque, with heavy white deposit in abundance.

Referring to aches and pains, I should not fail to add that I have had a good deal of that sort of thing from chronic appendicitis. As my heart could not stand an operation, I have to rely upon palliative measures.

Very often, persons afflicted with paralysis have as much vigor and health as they ever had. I give these points about my condition so that those who suppose I "have good health and feel good otherwise," will have an opportunity to learn that I have now and have had all along, quite a few things to harass me besides those which may seem best advertised.

It has been found that colon bacilli have wandered into my bladder which has been the cause of a few bladder attacks. Colon bacilli are very necessary in the colon and do beneficent work in their proper place, but they can sure make trouble when they get in the wrong pew.

I have had many friends who were doctors. One was

Dr. McMillan, Chiropractor, of La Salle, Ill. At the time I needed a little help in his line, which he gladly administered, gratis. In one of our visits, the following conversation occurred:

"Doctor, it makes a man brave to know that he is right. I need to be brave. Would you mind being interrogated a bit along pathological lines?"

"Not a bit. Glad to be of any help or comfort to you that I can in any way," he replied graciously.

"Will you kindly tell me what the difference is between paralysis and locomotor ataxia?" I inquired.

"Well," he returned, "they are practically the same thing. Ataxia is a symptom found in nervous fevers, and paralysis is a frequent result. In both instances, there is destruction of the spinal cord. In ataxia, the cause is hardening and in myelitis, it is inflammation. Cerebral clots are different in that the interference in nervous impulse is met in the brain instead of in the cord."

"When my trouble first came upon me, I noticed that sensation was delayed—I did not feel a wound sharply at the time, but I got the ache and soreness after it had been done, all right. Is it not possible to have a paralysis of motor nerves and the sensory nerves register nearly normally, or in another case, could not the sensory nerves be impaired and there be no great decrease in motor ability?"

"Why, certainly," the doctor replied.

"When I have told some interrogators that, they have said I was deceiving or deceived—that such could not be the case," I returned.

"If any layman or doctor says that in paralysis there cannot be any conceivable condition or combination of partial or complete cessation of motor or sensory functioning, that man is ignorant!" the doctor replied with finality.

Still another trouble which has harassed me and which has not been elsewhere mentioned in this book, is that of hemorrhage of the bowels. The attacks have grown in severity and frequency with the years. The last was at Ardmore, Okla. (Nov., 1914), where I was treated by Dr. W. Hardy of the Hardy Sanatorium. In one day (24 hours) I had passage 21 times, all containing

blood, or blood and mucus—some stools consisting entirely of blood. High fever, rapid pulse, aches, pains, and contractions accompanied this condition. I was on the street trying to sell one day before I had to give up and give entire attention to treatment and was told by many as usual, "Are you really afflicted—why you look well in the face?"

After these days of suffering and strain, and in spite of the fact that much of the time I have not been able to take food or water, I still "look well in the face." Those who belong to the embryonic Sherlock class, and those who think they help the sick get well by telling them "You don't look a bit sick," please note that such talk brings no help or comfort to me. Looks do not spell a thing and such remarks might have a little suspicion or insinuation behind them. I've been "looking better" many years. There are things in life more vital than looks. Most talk is merely talk—little thought or permanence behind it—and talk is the cheapest commodity yet. If there is ever any marked improvement in my condition it will be recognizable by equivalent change of life—regime. It is no more difficult for an invalid to know when he is better, than it is for a normal man to know when he has taken sick.

The title given this book is proper because my experience in life, has not been "Serene I fold my hands and wait" and "My own will come to me." I have had to positively know my property and then go after it, fight along the road—fight for life, fight for my rights and wrest from Fate and Adversity and Adverse Circumstance, that which should have been tendered me with freedom and grace.

CHAPTER XX.

Conclusion.

PERHAPS I should anticipate one more question: "What do you expect of the future?" I wish I might get well. But experience has shown me that having fire, utensils and disposition, will not produce a dinner. Pills and syrup are not LIFE, nor are doctors superhuman creators. I have done everything a man could do—have made every effort a human could make, repeatedly, and intend to stick to the habit of **doing my best** as long as I live. In other words, I will continue eager, alert, striving for it.

I have learned that happiness does not depend upon wealth or position. I perceive that people are spoiling their lives by pursuing the bauble of pleasure. I have learned that wholesome, lasting joy only is elevating, while that the world esteems "pleasure" is usually more or less debasing—and certainly its charm is elusive. That which delights today may confidently be expected to disgust ere long.

I perceive that the happy man is he who does all the good he can, and makes manful effort to do right at all times, and enjoys labor. Furthermore, that there is joy in realizing that one has discharged duties precisely, accomplished much; has been tolerant and receptive.

I expect that the future will be largely a repetition of the past. I expect that life will always hold problems of some sort. Therefore, the best thing to do is to try to keep up-to-date in the solution thereof. I expect to find credulous, kindly, genial people and I expect to find grouchy, calloused, skeptical people.

As in the past, I expect in the future to go to cities where I have never been. I trust I will have fair success in establishing a welcome and **CONVINCING** people that it will be perfectly proper to treat me as nicely as if I were well, or as if I did not need business. And

also, I therefore expect many a heartache upon having to leave territory where I have finally accomplished this much, because people will be as human, and if you will excuse my mentioning it, as thoughtless and selfish in the places I have not yet visited, as they were where I have already been. And as a consequence, I will have to find new customers—and have no permanent abiding place—and being handicapped, will have to take what I can get—wrest—from a much abused public. But it is all right. I am glad I am myself. At the time when it seems as if the worst is about to happen, and everything is sorely against me—God will send deliverance. But in the future, just as in the past, life will ever be like April weather.

Sometimes a little cloud appears in the sky—and then another—and then another—and still another. They grow and spread, and become darker and thicker every moment. Suddenly the thunder sends forth its deafening crash! The wind howls in chorus—the lightning strikes and tears. One sees how helpless is man to combat the forces of nature—to control or overcome the hateful coalescence of circumstances.

But presently the storm passes. The clouds drift away. Once more high heaven displays its lovely blue. The birds sing. Raindrops sparkle like myriad diamonds on every leafed bough, every blade of grass, and every smiling flower's face. The dusty earth is glad it rained. The sun dips low—and soon is lost in a glorious rosy promise of a bright tomorrow.

Another question which I am frequently asked is, "How far did you fall?"

"About twenty-eight feet," I reply.

"It does not seem to me," returns the skeptic, "that a fall of that distance would be likely to produce such dire effects as you claim to have experienced. Furthermore, the theory of hereditary disease, has been long since exploded."

In Dallas, Tex., I met a man who was a decorator by trade. He had worked on the dome of the administration building, at the world's fair in Chicago. Due to some defect in the scaffolding, he fell to the cement floor, 185 feet. At the time I saw him, he was physically as good a man as you ever saw, the only defect about him was that one limb was about two inches shorter than the other. In falling his body had struck another scaffolding, break-

ing the left leg in two places, and the right in one place. It also broke his collar bone, and one arm. These were attended to properly, and he was again at work in a comparatively short time.

In Redwood City, California, I was told of a shoemaker there, who makes a living cobbling in a wheel-chair. He is in perfect health, his only difficulty being that he cannot walk, as he is paralyzed below the waist. His trouble came about from the ground twisting under him during the San Francisco earth quake. It seems the whole earth in the vicinity of where he was walking, writhed in awful contortions, which twisted the steel frame buildings into some resemblance to a barber pole.

There is another man in the poor house at San Francisco who is in the same condition. He got his trouble in a tug of war. The rope broke, and he being the end man, got the twist. Please note that neither of these fellows had a fall at all. There have been cases of spinal fracture resulting in paralysis or death from a fall off a horse.

Skeptics and some others ask, "You have a good appetite, don't you?"

No doubt my appetite has been better than it would have been, had I had less self control or disposition to exercise it. In other words, had I lived as most people lived. There have been times in my life, when to eat a little meat, would cause my bowels to bleed. I have always had to be careful to avoid certain things. For the past few years, I have had to be careful as to quantity, time, and frequency, as well as to sort of food. Of late I find I can eat with most freedom, of the following foods:

Graham, whole wheat and corn, in bread form (not too new), rice and barley. All kinds of soup, (except those containing cabbage, onions, garlic, peas and beans).

In vegetables I can eat spinach, carrots, mashed, boiled or baked potatoes; white sweet potato. Lettuce, asparagus, celery, raw or stewed, sparingly of beets, cauliflower and rhudabaga.

In meats, I can eat beef and mutton in any form, lamb and chicken.

In fruits I can eat sparingly, apples, raw or cooked, cherries and grapes. For beverages, I can drink only water, except very rarely, a little diluted grape juice.

Must entirely avoid sugar and as far as possible,



SLEEP-TIME.

grease. When possible, instead of lard, I have Crisco used, and can eat butter on my bread.

For many years I depended largely upon milk and eggs, and it has been a great hardship to give them up.

Another question is asked, "Do things taste good?" When my condition has been such that I would vomit as soon as I swallowed anything, food has still tasted good.

Another question I am often asked is, "You sleep well don't you?"

For about two years before I got down, I only slept on an average of about two hours out of the twenty-four. All these years I have been very much bothered by insomnia. Some nights I sleep pretty well; others little, or not at all. I usually feel better when I get a fair amount of sleep, but in order to sleep at all, I have to get in a house and neighborhood, where there is no one moving about or other noise after ten o'clock at night. This means dodging dogs, cats, babies, late retirers and early risers. Also street cars, railroads, vehicles, bed-bugs, and mice. During these two years and at intervals since, I also experienced other phenomena which would not be proper to place in a book for general circulation.

Another system of treatment which has not been referred to may be worthy of mention. I heard of a Doctor and his son, who were both physicians of extraordinary capacity. After they had examined me, the senior observed, "I know of but one thing further to recommend in your case. Nervous ability cannot exist without the presence of phosphorus in the tissues. A great German specialist has evolved a theory, that a certain solution can be driven through the skin, into the spinal cord by means of galvanic electricity. This method of introducing free phosphorus, where it is most needed, is likely to bring about happy results."

The plan was tried, but the only result was a lot of pain, and a bad burn from the galvanic electricity.

* * * * *

In spite of all that is said from start to finish of this book, there will be one or two who fancy they can suggest one thing I have not yet tried to improve my condition. For their benefit, I beg leave to add that on many occasions, years ago, I tried the use of a reclining wheel chair which could be placed at any angle, with a view to training the circulation to meeting a changed condition. I did not go down all at once and never try to take an

elevated position again. My heart could not stand even a slight change. I can work more, exert more and feel best when I am always in the position as found in my vehicle. I cannot sleep with my head lower nor can I get along with feet lower or body higher.

No doubt in future as in the past, occasionally some bright Sherlock Holmes will say: "I've got you now. You say you cannot sit up but I notice you have had lots of dental work done. How did you get it? Or, "I notice you have just had a hair-cut. If you cannot sit up, how did you get it?"

I trust I may be able to produce some photographs which will clear up these deep mysteries by the next time an edition is printed of Volume II of this book, entitled "Fifty Thousand Miles Back-Ridden."

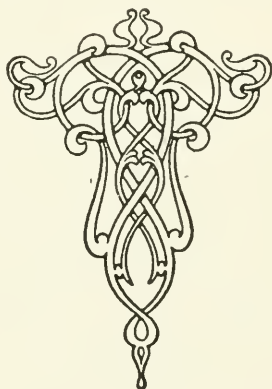
Truly, my life has thus far been "An Odd soldiery." The phases of battle in my life are beyond description. No accoutrements can be provided in anticipation of the needs of the future, other than are found in this humble but earnest effort—this book. If this member of the 1914 edition is as kindly received as most of those of the edition of 1911 were, then I may feel that so far as the patient reader is concerned, I may rejoice in a proclamation of Peace, and I may know we are on a footing of justice and I also trust, loving good-will.

Now we have come to the last question—"How do you keep so cheerful?" The answer is easy. "Thy praise shall be ever in my mouth." "In all things give thanks." "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Hold fast that which thou hast, until I come." I have been able to keep good cheer because I know that in God's good time the things that are shall be no more. Then, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain." And I hope to be among that vast throng whom no man could number, who sing the song of the redeemed—those of whom it was said, "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. But the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall

feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

I keep good cheer because I say, “My God, my times are in Thy hands,” and I trust He will bring to pass and has brought to pass that which will be best for me and others. Thus I say, “Even so, come Lord Jesus.”

FINIS OPUS CORONAT



G. B. RUSSELL
 Doctor of Divinity
 1324 Valencia St.,
 Los Angeles, Cal.

To Whom It May Concern:—

I have personally known Arthur F. Fuller for many years and it gives me great pleasure to have this opportunity of stating that I know him to be worthy of the confidence of all people.

I have read much of his writings and consider that, in view of the difficulties under which he has had to labor, he is a wonder. His writings in both prose and poetry, are simply superb. In my judgment, he deserves to rank with the great authors of the age.

Most Cordially,

(Signed) G. B. RUSSELL.

AUBREY PARKER
 Author—Journalist—Lecturer
 414 Fifth Ave.,
 Salt Lake City, Utah.

To Whom It May Concern:

It is truly refreshing to meet in this age of haste—of lightning lunches—a spirit attuned to sing of those things worth while, among the tinsel and sham, in this day of surface satisfaction. Truly, this poet “Learned in sorrow that which he teaches in song.” He reveals a character which has stood the “acid test.”

Many of Fuller's poetic effusions are truly “Jewels in setting rare.” Having “trodden the wine-press” of sorrow alone, the singer knows well his song. For “out of the fulness of his heart” does he sing.

Some of these poems are bound to live—they are among those which the world will not willingly let die. For only the sufferer can give true solace to a sufferer. Arthur Franklin Fuller fills the bill. His words will live for they vibrate with a life regenerate.

(Signed) AUBREY PARKER.

Los Angeles.

Dear Friend:—

I have been a shuttle for the past two days weaving back and forth among the streets where you have heretofore been found, in an effort to see you. Concluding that I am not a Sherlock Holmes I am now turning the hunt over to Uncle Sam's hired men.

I noticed in the leaflet you gave me the other day, that reading was a helpful service to you in your study and I want to tell you that I would be very glad to read to you, if you would like to have me do so. I would make my time suit your convenience as far as possible. But if it makes no difference to you, I would be less apt to have other demands made upon me mornings between ten o'clock and noon.

I, for one, desire to recognize the Brotherhood of Man in a practical manner. It would give me pleasure to help you financially, to the extent of my meagre ability. Anything which might be done by a sincere friend in this way, should not be regarded as alms, for it would be merely an expression of true friendship—or of a family sharing in blessings meant to be general but which through some obstruction in the course of circumstance, were diverted from some of their channels.

An honest independence in the vigorous is commendable; but joyous acceptance is just as beautiful, when things have gone wrong with one of the family. In any case, since "it is more blessed to give than to receive," the one who receives is the true benefactor, through giving an opportunity for the "more blessedness" to those who are glad to pay for it, by sharing their **enough or their abundance** with a brother who accepts the **less blessedness**. I know my logic is good but I will not weary you with a further expression of it.

If you will kindly drop me a postal and let me know when I can see you, it will be appreciated.

Sincerely,

(MRS.) JOSEPHINE L. BANNISTER.

Los Angeles.

Mr. Fuller:—

I have just finished reading your books, "An Odd Sol-diery" and "Fifty Thousand Miles, Back-Ridden." My sympathy for you is deep and sincere, but my admiration for you I have not the words to express.

What you have accomplished under such difficulties—such terrible handicaps—is simply wonderful. You are more than entitled to a Gold Medal and a **life-pension** in recognition of your bravery—such fine undaunted courage.

Your name should go down in history among the **truly great**. You are one grand character.

B. A. WELLS.

NEW FIELD LABORATORY
East Chattanooga, Tenn.

My Dear Brother:—

Enclosed please find \$1 for one year's subscription to your Magnet. I believe in you and am sure that by your example of life you are doing a work for God that no physically perfect man could do. And because I believe in you, I say this: If you reach a point where you need a friend, let me know. I may not be able to do much, but I shall always be able to do a little.

If you get out any new publications, let me know and I will forward price at once. I find your style intensely interesting.

With sincere good wishes,
 Your Sister in Christ,
ELIZABETH BURGESS.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Friend:—

* * * I wish I could be near you so I could speak to you occasionally and be of assistance to you.

* * * No stretch of distance, nor lapse of time can lessen the friendship of those who are thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth.

As ever, your friend,
MRS. JOHN B. COSTELLO.

GRACE FULLER FITZGERALD
Christian Science Practitioner
429 Union Bldg.,
San Diego, Cal.

My Dear Friend:—

Many times I have thought of you and wondered where you were and how? Suddenly you came before my mental vision a day or so before your very welcome letter came. We shall all be very glad to see you again, and will do all we can to help you in any way we can.

You will be led aright for you look to the One Source of all Wisdom for guidance. I am sorry you have not found in Christian Science what I have, but it makes not one particle of difference in my interest and friendship for you. Some of my best and dearest friends are not Scientists. But I should be very narrow minded indeed if I let that fact bias me or lessen my regard for them. This is a very free world and there is lots of room for the many different creeds, theories and opinions. We each have a perfect right to believe that which seems to us to be the Truth, and suits us best.

I would not turn a straw to change the views of one who doesn't want them changed.

The Hesses and Mr. Fitzgerald join me in love and best wishes.

Sincerely,
GRACE FULLER-FITZGERALD.

Los Angeles.

Dear "Heart-Courageous":—

I have thought of you many times since I bade you good-bye, and always with the hope that your gleanings in the new field were growing plentiful and not overtaxing your strength. I do wish that a way might be found to save you the weariness of the flesh and the expenditure of cash that your frequent journeys involve. It requires so many laborious days—so many weary miles—to "make good"—such an oft recurring "sinking fund," that ordinary courage would quail at the prospect. I have to remember that you have an invincible spirit, are of the stuff that heroes are made, not to be appalled myself, by your undertakings, whatever the result of the battle, where the odds are so terribly against you.

You are a good soldier and that's the main thing after all. Some of your plans for making a living without travel, may yet materialize. I shall "hold the thought" of a prosperous business career for you until it is bodied forth in reality. To see you in the environments suited to your desires and deservings would give me the greatest pleasure.

I thank you very much for your kind expressions of friendship. That you over-rate my ability does not detract from my pleasure since it is a proof of your friendly appreciation of my wish to be of use to you. If "Love laughs at lover's perjuries," I think God smiles benignantly at friendship's flatteries. I am not disposed to analyze any expressions of good will that come to me. It is too much like vivi-section.

If friendship has developed from our chance acquaintance, it is mutual. Your fortitude in the most trying ordeal that could come to a man of your energy and intellectual and artistic gifts, won my admiration from the start; and my increasing esteem as I came to perceive the real worth of your character in manly and lovable qualities. In a way, the very nature of your trials and the sort of life thereby exacted, subjects you to most deteriorating temptations the more likely to undermine character because they are so subtle as to make it difficult to guard against them. But, the real integrity of your soul—its innate tendencies toward the best, is your sufficient armor.

With the best of good wishes,

Sincerely your friend,

(MRS.) J. L. BANNISTER.

Berkeley.

Dear Sir:—

Herewith please find payment for your "Book of Poems," recently received. The Poems are certainly delightful and worthy of a place in *anyone's* library.

With best wishes for your success, I am,

Respectfully,

(MISS) IRENE McLEOD.

San Jose, Cal.

Dear Friend:—

Your Magnets are full of interest. So long as we both live, I wish it sent to me, if I can by any means pay for it. It seems to me Churches, Schools and Societies, ought to interest themselves in you, not as a matter of Charity, but because you deserve better than you receive because you are the noble, manly man that you are.

I must have some more of your lovely post cards. Hope our paths may soon cross again. Am anxious to be of service to you.

Cordially,

MRS. M. C. CUTLER.

Berkeley, Cal.

My Dear Mr. Fuller:—

Your "Book of Poems" is beautiful. I shall always enjoy it. Payment herewith. May all happiness be yours.

Most friendly,

FRED MAURER, JR.

Berkeley.

My Dear Mr. Fuller:—

Enclosed please find payment for your "Book of Poems." I shall always enjoy this volume.

Your poetical gift of mind must be a great compensation for your affliction and must make life hold more for you, perhaps, than for many a strong, vigorous man.

With appreciation for your work as a poet, and best wishes for your welfare and success, I am,

Sincerely,

CHARLOTTE E. SPOONER.

JOHN FRANCIS JONES

**Welsh-American Baritone
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Mondays and Fridays, 376 Sutter St., San Francisco

Thursdays, 292 So. 2nd St., San Jose.

Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 419 Waverly St.

Palo Alto.

My Dear Sir:—

Received copy of your song, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," a few days since. I deferred writing in order to have plenty of time in which to consider it.

Seldom are any of the grand old hymns so successfully re-set to music. But my IDEAL has been realized in your composition for this good old hymn.

I like the broadness and dignity of both voice and piano part in the first verse. And that lightness and life of the

second verse is most pleasing. I like also the way it develops into its splendid climax.

I like the contemplative style of the last verse—its broadness and understanding of theme—then that wondrous climax at its close!

I will sing this song at the True Life Church in San Jose, a week from Sunday. The coming Sunday, the quartette will sing your beautiful part-song, "Night Song."

Wishing you the greatest success, I remain,

Very respectfully,

JOHN FRANCIS JONES.

352 University St., Salt Lake City,
Utah, Oct. 3, 1914.

My Dear Friend:—

Words cannot express my deep appreciation of the privilege of having known you—of the enjoyment of our association—the mutual understanding which is so rarely met with—the genuineness of that friendship which has been ours.

The first time I looked upon your face, which was some years ago on the street of San Antonio, Tex., my heart said, "Worthy!" Indeed have you proven so and more. Your life has been an incentive to me for good. Thus has my life been made the richer, the brighter, and the desire to live a life of duty has been strengthened. By it have I been impelled to fulfill my part in life, well and cheerfully, and to be helpful to all mankind.

This life is indeed beautiful, and filled with happiness if we will but strive to find it so and make it so with others.

To my mind, true poetry is the beautiful study of life, and I am proud that your poems are among those of my favorite authors. Well I know the grind and daily suffering that have been yours to enable you to give to the world such beautiful thoughts. Well also, do I know your handicaps and that they would have proven too much to an ordinary man, long since.

How I admire that patience—that dauntless courage, and fortitude, which have so characterized your life. Indeed knowing you so well, when I think of your battle, I exclaim as did another friend: "Dauntless Arthur!"

Your little Magnet I enjoy to the fullest—more perhaps than most people could, because I know you so well. It makes me feel as if we had been privileged to enjoy a little chat.

When I think, dear friend, of your ability, your talents and wonderful gifts—those Concerts I attended which you gave from flat of your back—I cannot but ask myself: "What could this man not have accomplished had he been blessed with health and strength?"

But "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." Your pure and manly life—your fortitude and

stick-to-it-iveness—teach a lesson to God's children, no doubt, that could not be taught otherwise. God knows best.

With a heart full of gratitude for our mutual trust and friendship, and best wishes in every way, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

(MISS) CLARISSA RADDON.

**THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA,
THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 1914.
CRIPPLE HAS TRAVELED MANY THOUSAND MILES**

To be handicapped by loss of limb or sight is bad, indeed, but to be handicapped as is Arthur F. Fuller, who cannot walk, sit nor exert himself in any way and besides suffers from eye trouble, is almost beyond comprehension. Fuller, however, is not discouraged but manages to make a good living by selling books and music of his own composition.

Fuller visited in Alameda today. He has been so afflicted since 1899 but, by means of a push cart and help of friends, he has managed to travel over 50,000 miles.

This distance means only that gone over by rail and if the total extent of his travels were summed up the distance would probably amount to about 100,000 miles.

Fuller, before thus afflicted, was a teacher of music and holds a gold medal for excellence in that art and his many productions are of a very creditable nature.

**RIVERSIDE DAILY PRESS, SATURDAY EVENING,
MAY 23, 1914.**

(Communicated)

PLEA FOR WORTHY MAN

Editor Press: There is a gentleman of misfortune within our gates for whom we would bespeak the kindly hospitality of Riverside. That city only is beautiful where dwells the spirit of friendliness, service and justice. In these essentials to our reputation we hope that we may not be found wanting by Mr. Arthur F. Fuller. This man, so sorely crippled in body that for 15 years he has lain upon his back, is of so strong and independent a spirit that he demands the right and privilege of earning his own living. This he does by selling in one city after another the fruits of his labor—songs, poems and prose. One may buy in charity, but having read, decide that he is the debtor rather than the benefactor. Mr. Fuller's experiences, though uniquely personal, yet drive home truths of civic and sociologic import, and reveal to our shocked and shamed eyes a form of Christianity quite different from that pattern set us by the Good Samaritan. There is left a goodly train of hospitals and homes to show neighborliness to the

incapacitated and dependent among us, but we permit the priest and the Levite to deal with the incapacitated and independent.

There are many brave souls struggling under life's heaviest handicaps to gain a living and to maintain their individuality as citizens. And great and prosperous cities through the agency of their associated charities—Heaven save the name—bid them begone from their streets lest the sight of their afflictions offend or importune the active and fortunate.

Is it not time that we have a different point of view? Mr. Fuller's 50,000 miles, traveled on his back, will not have been in vain if he can help his fellow countrymen to attain it.

F. P. GRIFFITH.

**SAN JOSE MERCURY HERALD, SUNDAY MORNING,
JUNE 21, 1914.**

POEMS, BY A. F. FULLER, OPTIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

Two little volumes of poems, bound in green and white, and bearing only the modest title, "Poems, by Arthur Franklin Fuller," have come to the reviewer's desk for criticism. With the memory of a courageous cripple-author, handicapped and suffering, yet smilingly undaunted and philosophic, these little poems gain added interest.

While some of them may be counted simply "verse," many, beautiful in diction, sentiment and imagery, are really gems. Lyrics, songs of pathos, elegies, ballads, sonnets, odes, hymns and some few humorous verses are included in these volumes.

Particularly beautiful are Mr. Fuller's descriptions, bits of which are quoted, as, for instance, "Twilight":

"At last the tedious day is at an end—
The long cool shadows hush the world to calm;
The grateful quietude of twilight hours,
Distills o'er tired earth its restful balm.

From out the clovered meadow's misty depths,
The lowing kine come slowly into sight;
The circling swallows chirp their vesper hymn,
And hoof and feather seem to welcome night."

Again, in the "Mother's Song":

"Soft the silver stars
Nestle in Heaven's breast,
Soft the mating birds
Chirp to their cosy nest;
Soft the fresh'ning dew
Shines on each flowerhead,
Soft the angel hosts,
Watch o'er my baby's bed."

Deep religious feeling, a philosophical mind, an inspiring courage, and, despite his affliction, an altruistic and optimistic outlook upon life dominates. Mr. Fuller's work shows talent and, in some cases, real genius. It is a wonderfully sunny philosophy that can forget one's pain-racked body and "get outside" of itself sufficiently to sing:

"The happiest souls are those who love to live,
Who love to work and someone's need appease;
Be thou content with that I deign to give—
So many lives are spoiled by too much ease—
If thou wilt strive with all thy little might,
Wilt labor hard with hand and heart and head,
Thy rhymes may gain thee lodging for a night,
May win for thee a crust of hardened bread.

"If thou canst be a mouthpiece for one soul,
Whom pain, despair or love hath stricken dumb—
Canst be a message—help one gain a goal,
Give comfort to some heart by grief made numb,
Assure one fear-crazed soul that nears the brink,
Death's shoreless river leads to rest and peace,
No soul who has done his best, here needs to shrink,
The hardest strain is sometime bound to cease.

"If thou canst cheer one labored, drooping heart,
Canst 'rouse the best in one by shame cast down—
If thou canst take the weaker vessel's part,
Give one a smile in place of worry's frown;
Then thou may'st see thou hast not wrought in vain—
To help one soul get nearer to his God—
To strengthen one to bear his bitter pain,
Is worth thy while, my son, so onward plod."

POSTSCRIPT

If this book has pleased you and you feel interested in me—feel that you would like to help me, do not loan it. If your friend or neighbor wants to read it, let him buy a copy. If he reads yours, he will extend me his good opinion, but will never offer to pay the profit I should have made on his purchase. There is more curiosity, sympathy and selfishness in the world than there is justice. If the sale has given you your money's worth, that is all it should be permitted to do. When you buy a meal, a beef-steak, a pair of shoes or a cigar, you are the only user and the dealer has a chance to make a profit on the things the other fellow wants.

Therefore, if you feel disposed to be fair in this matter, let others pay for the entertainment, satisfied curiosity, obtained from reading my books. Should you desire to do me a good turn, induce your acquaintances to buy. The cost of production (including photos, cuts, stereotyping, proof-reading, linotyping, paper, press-work, binding, and freight) is so great as not to leave the margin of profit more than is necessary. I do not ask reward for my authorship—just a profit on this investment in printed matter.

Respectfully,

The Author.



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